THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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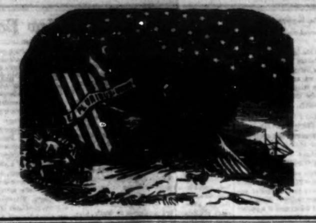

Original Poetry.

OURSELVES AND CHILDREN THREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We are happy, very happy
 In our quiet little home;
No thought have we of parting,
 No wish have we to roam.
Health, Love, and Hope are with us,
 No cause for grief have we;
We are happy, very happy,
 Ourselves and children three.

In the Winter round the fireside,
 And in Summer by the door,
In Autumn on the sunny hills
 Together still we are.
No "birdling" yet has left our nest,
 Or struggled to be free;
We are happy, oh, so happy,
 Ourselves and children three.

Kind, merry, loving children,
 Who can tell the joys ye bring,
To lowly hearths and humble homes,
 Wherein your voices ring.
We need no brighter jewels,
 While this our song shall be,
We are happy, very happy,
 Ourselves and children three.

July 9th, 1851.

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

From the shock of his son's failure, Mr. Howland did not recover. In arranging with his own creditors, he had arranged to do too much, and, consequently, his reduced business went on under the pressure of serious embarrassment.—He had sold his house, and two other pieces of property, and was living at a very moderate expense; but all this did not avail; and he saw the steady approaches of total ruin.

One day, at a time when this conviction was pressing most heavily upon him, one of the creditors of Edward who had lost a good deal by the young man, came into his store, and asked if he had heard, lately, from his son.

Mr. Howland replied that he had not.

"He's in Mobile, I understand," said the gentleman.

"I believe he is;" returned Mr. Howland.

"A correspondent of mine writes that he is in business there, and seems to have plenty of money."

"It is only seeming, I presume," remarked Mr. Howland.

"He says that he has purchased a handsome piece of property there."

"It cannot be possible!" was ejaculated.

"I presume that my information is true. Now, my reason for communicating this fact to you, is, that you may write to him, and demand, if he have money to invest, that he refund to you a portion of what you have paid for him, and thus save you from the greater difficulties that I too plainly see gathering around you, and out of which I do not think it is possible for you to come, unaided."

"No, sir," was the reply of Mr. Howland, as he slowly shook his head. "If he have money, it is ill-gotten, and I cannot share it. He owes you, write to him, and demand a payment of the debt."

"I am willing to yield my right in your favor, Mr. Howland. In your present extremity, you can make an appeal that it will be impossible for him to withstand. He may not dream of the position in which you are placed; and it is due to him that you inform him thereof. It will give him an opportunity to act above an evil and selfish spirit, and this action may be in him the beginning of a better state."

But the father shook his head again.

"Mr. Howland," said the other, "you owe it to your son to put it in his power to act from a better principle than the one that now appears to govern him. Let him know of your great extremity, and he may compel himself to act against the selfish cupidities by which he is too plainly governed. Such action, done in violence of evil affections, may be to him the beginning of a better life. All things originate in small beginnings. There must first be a point of influx for good, as well as for bad principles. Sow this seed in your son's mind, and it may germinate, and grow into a plant of honesty."

Mr. Howland heaved a deep sigh, as he answered—

"This is presenting the subject in a new light; I will think about it."

"May you think about it to good purpose," replied the friend, earnestly.

This communication disturbed Mr. Howland greatly. He had too many good reasons for doubting his son's integrity of character; but he was not prepared to hear of such deliberate and cruel dishonesty as this. It was but another name for robbery—a robbery, even to the ruin of his own father.

"I will demand restitution!" said the old man, impatiently, as his mind dwelt longer and longer on the subject, and his feelings grew more and more indignant. From the thought of any appeal on the ground of humanity, he revolted. It was something entirely out of keeping with his peculiar character. He could not bend to this!

So Mr. Howland wrote a pretty strong letter to his son, in which he set forth, in terse language, the facts he had heard, and demanded, as a right, that restitution be at once made.

Weeks passed, and no answer to this demand was received. In the meantime, another crisis in the affairs of Mr. Howland was rapidly approaching. Unless aid were received from some quarter, he must sink, utterly prostrate, under the pressure that was upon him, and again fail to meet the honorable engagements that he had made. When that crisis came, he would fall to rise no more.

Ten days only remained, and then there would come a succession of payments, amounting, in all, to over five thousand dollars. To meet these payments, unaided, would be impossible; and there was no one now to aid the reduced and sinking merchant. There was not a friend to whom he could go for aid so substantial as was now required, for most of his business friends had already suffered to some extent by his failure, and were not in the least inclined to risk anything further on one whose position was known to be extremely doubtful.

The nearer this second crisis came, and the more distinctly Mr. Howland was able to see its painful features, the more did his heart shrink from encountering a disaster that would involve all his worldly affairs in hopeless ruin.

In this strait, the mind of Mr. Howland kept turning, involuntarily, towards his son Edward, as towards the only resource left him on the earth; but, ever as it turned thus, something in him revolted at the idea, and he strove to push it from his thoughts. He could not do this, however; for it was the straw on the surface of the waters in which he felt himself sinking.

Painfully, and with a sense of deep humiliation, did Mr. Howland at length bring himself up to the point of writing again to his son. As everything depended on the effect of this second letter, he went down into a still lower deep of humiliation, and, after representing, in the most vivid colors, the extremity to which he was reduced, begged him, if a spark of humanity remained in his bosom, to send him the aid he needed.

With a trembling hope did the father wait, day after day, for an answer to this letter. Time passed on, and the ninth day since its transmission came, and yet there was no reply.

Nervously anxious was Mr. Howland on the morning of the tenth day, for, if no help came then, it was all over with him. His note for fifteen hundred dollars fell due, and must be lifted ere the stroke of three, or, the end with him had come.

A few mouthfuls of food were taken at breakfast, and then Mr. Howland hurried away to the Post Office, his heart fluttering with fear and expectation. A few moments, and he would know his fate. As he came in sight of the long row of boxes, his eyes glanced eagerly towards the one in which his letters were filed up. There was something in it. In a tone of forced composure, he called out the number of his box, and received from the clerk two letters. He glanced at the post-mark of one, and read—"New York,"—and at the other, and saw—"Boston." For a moment or two his breath was suspended, and his knees smote together. Then he moved away, slowly, with such a pressure on his feelings that the weight was reproduced on his physical system, and he walked with difficulty.

The letters were from business correspondents, and, in no way affected the position of extremity he occupied. For a greater part of the morning, Mr. Howland sat musing at his desk, in a kind of dreamy abstraction. All effort was felt to be useless, and he made none. At dinner time he went home, and sat at the table, silent and gloomy; but he scarcely tasted food. After the meal, he returned to his store, a faint hope springing up in his mind that Edward might have transmitted the aid he had asked for so humbly, by private hand; or, through some broker in the city, and that it would yet arrive in time to save him. Alas! this proved a vain hope. Three o'clock came, and the unredeemed note still lay in bank.

"It is all over!" murmured the unhappy man, as, like the strokes of a hammer upon his heart, fell the three distinct chimes that rung the knell of his business life.

Taking up a newspaper, and affecting to read, Mr. Howland sat for nearly an hour awaiting the notarial visit, which seemed long delayed. At last he saw a man enter and come walking back towards the desk at which he sat. Not doubting but that it was the Notary, he was preparing to answer—"I can't take it up," when a well-dressed stranger, with a dark, sunburnt countenance that had in it many familiar lines, passed before him, and fixed his eyes with an earnest look upon his face. For a few moments the two men regarded each other in silence, and then the stranger reached out his hand and uttered the single word—

"Father!"

"Andrew!" responded Mr. Howland, catching eagerly hold of the offered hand, "Andrew! My son! My son! Are you yet alive?"

The great deep of the old man's heart was suddenly broken up, and he was overwhelmed by the rising floods of emotion. His lips quivered; there was a convulsive play of all the muscles of his face; and then large tears came slowly over his cheeks. The man of iron will was melted down; he wept like a child, and his son wept with him.

Scarcely had the first strong emotions created by this meeting, exhausted themselves, when another person entered the store, and advanced to where the father and son where standing. He held a small slip of paper in his hand, and, as he came up to Mr. Howland, he said, holding up the piece of paper—

"Your note for fifteen hundred dollars remains unpaid."

"I'm sorry, but I can't lift it," replied Mr. Howland, in a low voice that he wished not to reach the ear of his son; but Andrew heard the answer distinctly, and, instantly drawing a large pocket book from his pocket, took out a roll of bank bills which he reached to his father, saying, as he did so—

"Take what you want. How timely has been my arrival!"

"My heart blesses you, my son, for this generous tender of aid in a great extremity," said Mr. Howland, in a trembling voice, as he pushed back the roll of money. "But a crisis in my affairs has just arrived, and the lifting of this note will not save me."

"How much will save you?" asked Andrew.

"I must have five or six thousand dollars in as many days," replied Mr. Howland.

"This package of money will serve you then, for it contains ten thousand dollars," said Andrew. "Take it."

"I cannot rob you thus," returned Mr. Howland, in a broken voice as he still drew back.

"Let me have that note, my friend." Andrew now turned to the Notary, who did not hesitate to exchange the merchant's promise to pay, for three five hundred dollar bills of a solvent bank.

A brief but earnest and affectionate interview then took place between Andrew and his father, which closed with a request from the former that he might be permitted to see his mother alone, and spend with her the few hours that remained until evening, before the latter joined them.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is nine years since Mrs. Howland looked her last look on her wayward, wandering boy, and eight years since any tidings came from him to bless her yearning heart. She appears older by almost twenty years, and moves about with a quiet, drooping air, as if her heart were releasing itself from its hold on earthly objects, and reaching out its tendrils for a higher and surer support. With the exception of Martha, the youngest, all her children have given her trouble. Scarcely one of the sweet hopes cherished by her heart, when they first lay in helpless innocence upon her bosom, have been realized. Disappointment—disappointment—has come at almost every step of her married life. The iron hand of her husband has crushed almost every thing. Ah! how often and often, as she breathed the chilling air of her own household, where all was constrained propriety, would her heart go back to the sunny home in which were passed the happy days of girlhood, and wish that something of the wisdom and gentleness that marked her father's intercourse with his children could be transferred to her uncompromising husband. But that was a vain wish. The two men had been cast in far different moulds.

Martha, now in her eighteenth year, was more like her mother than any of the children, and but for the light of her presence, Mrs. Howland could hardly have kept her head above the waters that were rushing around her. Towards Martha the conduct of her father had, from the first, been of a mild character compared with his action towards the other children; and this received a still further modification, when it became apparent, even to himself, that, by his hardness, he had estranged the affections of his older children, and driven them away. Gentle and loving in all her actions, she gradually won her way more and more deeply into the heart of her father, until she acquired a great influence over him. This influence she had tried to make effectual in bringing about a reconciliation between him and her sister's husband; but, up to this time, her good offices were not successful. The old man's prejudices remained strong; he was not prepared to yield; and Markland's self-love having been deeply wounded by Mr. Howland, he was not disposed to make any advances towards healing the breach that existed. As for Mary she cherished too deeply the remembrance of her father's unbending severity towards his children—in fact his iron hand had well nigh crushed affection out of her heart—to feel much inclined to use any influence with her husband. And so the separation, unpleasant, and often painful to both parties, continued. To Mrs. Howland it was a source of constant affliction. Much had she done towards effecting a reconciliation; but the materials upon which she tried to impress something of her own gentle and forgiving spirit were of too hard a nature.

On the afternoon of the day on which Andrew returned so unexpectedly, almost like one rising from the dead, Mrs. Howland was alone, Martha having gone out to visit a friend. She was sitting in her chamber thinking of the long absent one—she had thought of him a great deal of late—when she heard the street door open and shut, and then there came the sound of a man's feet along the passage. She bent her head and listened. It was not the sound of her husband's feet,—she knew his tread too well. Soon the man, whoever he was, commenced ascending the stairs; then he came toward her door, and then there was a gentle tap. The heart of Mrs. Howland was, by this time, beating violently. A moment or two passed before she had presence of mind sufficient to go to the door and open it.

"Andrew! Andrew! Oh, Andrew, my son!" she cried, in a glad, eager voice, the instant her eyes rested on the fine figure of a tall, sun-burnt man, and, as she spoke, she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him with all the fondness of a mother caressing her babe.

"Mother! Dear, dear mother!" came sobbing from the lips of Andrew, as he returned her embrace fervently.

"Am I dreaming? or, is this all really so?" murmured the happy mother, pushing her son from her, yet still clinging to him with an earnest grasp, and gazing fondly upon his face.

"It is no dream, mother," returned Andrew, "but a glad reality. After a long, long absence I have come back."

"Long—long! Oh, it has been an age, my son! How could you? But, hush, my chiding heart! My wandering one has returned, and I will ask no questions as to his absence. Enough that I look upon his face again."

Andrew now led his mother to a seat, and taking one beside her, while he still held her hand tightly, and gazed with a look of tenderness into her face, said—

"You have grown old in nine years, mother; older than I had thought."

"Do you wonder at it, my son?" significantly inquired Mrs. Howland.

"I ought not to wonder, perhaps," replied Andrew, a touch of sadness in his voice. "There is such a thing as living too fast for time."

"You may well say that," answered Mrs. Howland, with visible emotion. "Years are sometimes crowded into as many days. This has been my own experience."

Both were now silent for a little while.

"And how are all the rest, mother?" asked Andrew, in a more animated voice.

"Your father has failed a good deal of late," replied Mrs. Howland, as she partly averted her eyes, doubtful as to the effect such reference might have.

"He has failed almost as much as you have, mother," was the unexpected reply. "I saw him a little while ago."

"Did you!" ejaculated Mrs. Howland, a light of pleasure and surprise breaking over her face.

"Yes; I called first at his store."

"I'm glad you did. Poor man! He has had his own troubles, and I'm afraid, is falling into difficulties again. He has looked very unhappy for a week or two. Last night I hardly think he slept an hour at a time, and to day he scarcely tasted food."

"I found him in trouble," said Andrew, "and fortunately was able to give him the relief he needed."

Mrs. Howland looked wonderingly into her son's face.

"I have not come back empty handed, mother," said Andrew. "A year ago, when thousands of miles from here, I heard of father's troubles. I was about returning to see you all again, and to make P—— my future abiding place, if I could find any honest employment; but this intelligence caused me to change my mind. News had just been received of the wonderful discoveries of gold in California, and I said to myself, 'If there is gold to be had there, I will find it.' I was not thinking of myself when I made this resolution, but of you and father. In this spirit I made the long and wearisome overland journey, and for more than eight months worked amid the golden sands of that far off region. And my labor was not in vain. I accumulated a large amount of grains and lumps of the precious metal, and then hurried homeward to lay the treasure at your feet. Happily, I arrived at the most fitting time."

Mrs. Howland was deeply affected by this relation, so strange and so unlooked for in every particular.

"And now, mother, what of Mary?" said Andrew, before time was given for any remark upon his brief narrative. "Has she and her husband yet been reconciled to father?"

"No; and my heart has grown faint with hope deferred, in relation to this matter. I think Mary's husband is too unyielding. Your father, I know, regrets the unkind opposition he made to their marriage; and has seen many good reasons for changing his opinion of Mr. Markland's character. But you know his unbending disposition. If they would yield a little—if they would only make the first step towards a reconciliation, he would be softened in a moment. And then, oh, how much happier would all be!"

"They must yield; they must take the first step," said Andrew, rising from his chair.

"That reconciliation would be the top sheaf of my happiness to-day;" replied Mrs. Howland.

"It shall crown your rejoicing," said Andrew, in a positive tone. "Where do they live?"

Mrs. Howland gave the direction asked by her son, who departed immediately on his errand of good will.

For a time after Andrew left the store of his father, Mr. Howland sat half bewildered by the strange occurrence that had just taken place, while his heart felt emotions of tenderness going deeper and deeper towards its centre. Though confessed to no one, he had felt greatly troubled in regard to the iron discipline to which he had subjected his wayward boy, and had tried for years, but in vain, to force from his mind the conviction that upon his own head rested the sin of his ruin. Long since had he given him up as lost to this world, and he sadly feared, lost in the next. To have him return, as he did, without even a foreshadowing sign of his coming, was an event that completely broke down his feelings. Moreover, he was touched by the spirit in which his son came back; a spirit of practical forgiveness, the first act flowing from which, was the conference of a great benefit.

"There was good in the boy," sighed the old man, as he mused on what had just occurred. "Alas! that it should have been so long overshadowed. A milder course might have done better. Ah, me! we are weak and shortsighted mortals."

Mr. Howland remained in his store until the late mails were distributed at the post office, when, unexpectedly, a letter came from Edward. It contained a draft for a thousand dollars, and was in these words—

"DEAR FATHER—I received your two letters. To the first I returned no answer; I need hardly give you the reason. It was a hard, harsh, insulting letter, charging me with extensive frauds on you and others, assuming that I was in possession of large sums of money thus obtained, and imperiously demanding restitution. As to your sources of information, I know nothing; but I trust, that before you take such stories for granted, you will, at least, look well to their authenticity. Your second letter was in a different tone, and awoke in me a far different spirit from that awakened by the one first received. I am pained to hear of your great embarrassment, which I did not anticipate. I thought that the extension of time you received, would enable you to meet all demands, and deeply regret that such has not proved to be the case. Enclosed, I send you a draft for one thousand dollars, which I have raised with great difficulty; I wish, for your sake, that it were for ten times the amount. But, it is the best I can do. When I came here I had about fifteen hundred dollars in money; upon this I commenced business, and have done tolerably well, but I am still on the steep up-hill side, and it is far from certain whether I will go up or down from the point I now occupy. Give my love to mother and Martha.

"Affectionately yours,
"EDWARD."

Mr. Howland mused for some time after receiving this letter; then he turned to his desk, and wrote briefly, as follows—

"MY DEAR SON—I have your letter enclosing a draft for one thousand dollars. I thank you for the remittance, but, happily, have received aid from an unexpected quarter, and do not now need the money. With this I return the draft you sent. I regret any injustice I may have done you in a former letter, and hope you will forgive a too warm expression of my feelings.

"Yours, &c.
"ANDREW HOWLAND."

This letter was despatched by the Southern mail, and then Mr. Howland turned his steps homeward. He felt strangely. There was a pressure on his bosom; but it was not the pressure of trouble that had rested upon it so long, but a pressure of conflicting emotions, all tending to soften and subdue his feelings, to bend the iron man, and to mould his spirit into a new and better form. With a lively pleasure was he looking forward to the second meeting with Andrew in the presence of his mother, but he did not know how great a pleasure, beyond his anticipations, was in store for him.

On arriving at his house, Mr. Howland opened the door and went in. He had passed along the entry but a few paces, when some one stepped from the parlor. He paused, and looked up. It was his daughter Mary who stood before him. In her arms was a sweet little girl, and on her face was a smile, the warmth and light of which were on his heart, in an instant.

"Father!"

It was the only word she uttered. The tone of her voice, and the expression of her face told all he wished to know.

"My dear child!" fell warmly from the lips of Mr. Howland, as he grasped his daughter's hand, and then kissed tenderly both her own lips and those of her babe.

"Dear father!" murmured Mary, as she leaned her head, in tears, upon his breast.

At this moment there was a movement of feet in the parlor, and the husband of Mary presented himself. An open, frank, forgiving expression was on his face, as he came forward and offered his hand, which was instantly seized by Mr. Howland, in a hearty pressure. Andrew and his mother joined the group, and, with smiles and pleasant words, made perfect the sphere of happiness.

"My children," said Mr. Howland, at length, speaking in a trembling voice, "my cup is full to-night. I must leave you a little while, or it will run over."

And saying this, he gently disengaged himself, and passed up to his chamber, where he remained alone for over half-an-hour. When he rejoined the family, his manner was greatly subdued, and in his speech there was a softness which none had seen before.

In the glad reunion of that evening, how many heart-wounds were healed, how many old scars covered over and hidden!

CHAPTER XIV.

Shocked as was Emily Winters at the sight of Andrew, bleeding in the hands of the watchman, and by the subsequent newspaper report of his bad conduct; and estranged from her early regard for him, as she had been, by these and other things that she had heard, the young girl could not entirely banish from her mind the image of the boy who had been to her so gentle and affectionate since the early and innocent days of childhood. In spite of all her efforts to turn her thoughts away from him, they were ever turning towards him; and, as time passed on, and his long absence left all in doubt concerning his fate, his memory became to her something like a hallowed thing.

In passing on to the estate of womanhood, Emily, who possessed more than common beauty, attracted admirers, and, from two or three of these, she received offers of marriage. But, in each case, the suitor had failed to win her heart, and she was too true a woman to give her hand to any one unless her heart could go also.

In at least one case her father took sides with the lover, and urged his suit with a degree of feeling that resulted in a partial estrangement of affection. But he afterwards had cause to be well satisfied with Emily's decision in the case.

On the morning that succeeded the day of Andrew Howland's return to P——, Emily Winters, who had long since ceased to think of the young man as alive, was informed that a gentleman had called, and wished to see her.

"Who is he?" was the natural inquiry.

"I don't know," replied the servant.

"You should have asked his name."

"I did do so, but he said that it was no matter."

After making some slight change in her dress, Emily went down to the parlor. As she entered, a gentleman arose and advanced a few steps towards her.

"Miss Winters!" said he, while he fixed his eyes intently on her face.

The young lady bowed slightly in return, while she looked at him inquiringly.

"You don't know me?" said the stranger, with perceptible disappointment in his voice.

Emily dropped her eyes for a moment to the floor, and then lifted them again to his countenance. There was a gentle suffusion on her face, as she slowly shook her head.

"I have seen you before," she remarked, "but I cannot, at this moment, tell where."

"Years have passed since we met," replied the stranger, with something of sadness in his voice; "but I had hoped that you would not forget me."

As he spoke, he came nearer, and held out his hand, which Emily did not hesitate to take.

At the moment of this contact, a light flushed on the maiden's face, and she exclaimed, with sudden emotion,

"Andrew Howland! Can it be?"

And she stepped back a pace or two, and sunk upon a chair. Andrew did not relinquish her hand, but sat down by her side, replying, as he did so,

"Yes, Emily, it is even so. After a long, long absence, I have come back to my old home, wiser and better, I trust, than when I went away."

It was some time before Emily looked up or replied; but she did not make a motion to withdraw the hand which Andrew held with no slight pressure.

"How often, Emily," continued Andrew, seeing that she remained silent, "have I thought of the sweet hours we spent together as children—hours, too often, of stolen delight. Their remembrance has, many a time, saved me from evil when strongly tempted. But for that, and the memory of my mother, I should, long since, have become a castaway on the ocean of life."

The voice of Andrew became tremulous as he uttered the last sentence. It was then that Emily raised her eyes from the floor, gently withdrawing her hand at the same time, and fixed them upon his face. His words had sent her thoughts back to the old time when they were children together, and when, to be with him, was one of her highest pleasures; and not only that, his words and tones had reached her heart, and awakened thereto an echo.

"It is a long time since you went away," said Emily. "A very long time."

"Yes; it is a long time. But, the weary, slow passing years are ended, and I am back again among early scenes and old friends, and back, I trust, to remain."

"How is your mother?" inquired Emily, after a slight pause.

"I found her much changed—older by twice the number of years that have elapsed since I went away."

But all that passed between Andrew Howland and Emily Winters in the hour they spent together at this first meeting, after so long an absence, we cannot write. For a time, their intercourse was marked by a reserve and embarrassment on the part of Emily; but this insensibly wore off, and, ere the young man went away, their hearts, if not their lips, had spoken to each other almost as freely as in the days of childhood.

Not many months elapsed, ere the tender regard that was spontaneously awakened in their bosoms when children, and which had never ceased to exist, led them into a true marriage union, to which no one raised even a whisper of opposition. Almost at the very time that Andrew was holding his first interview with Emily, Mr. Winters was listening to a brief account of his return, with some of the pleasing incidents immediately attendant thereon. In a meeting with the young man shortly afterwards, he was prepossessed in his favor, and when he saw that he was disposed to renew the old intimate relations with Emily, he did not in the least object.

Thus, after a lapse of over twenty-five years, two families, each possessed of substantial virtues, and with social qualities forming a plane for reciprocal good feeling, but which had been forced apart by the narrow prejudice and iron will of Mr. Howland, came together in a marriage of two of its members. Alas! how much of wrong and suffering appertained to that long period during which they were thus held apart! How many scars, from heart-wounds, were left; and these not always painless!

Can any summing up of the causes and consequences set forth in our story give force to the lessons it teaches? We think not, and therefore leave it with the reader to do its own work.

Selected Poetry.

FLORAL AMBASSADORS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The love beginneth, and the fearful lover sendeth a May-basket to his mistress.

In ye, Rose-buds of May,
Most tender trust my love reposes;
It dare not blush out in full roses,
 All ye may faintly say.

She, wrapt in lightest fancies,
May idly tear your leaves apart;
Then, folded passion of my heart,
 Glow out to meet her glances!

Ye Hyacinths, dew-bright,
Bear love's new honey in your cells;
Ring soft the tale with your sweet bells,
 Oh, Valley-lilies white!

Go, azure Myrtle Blossom,
Go, Violets, and Jasmin fair,
And star the darkness of her hair,
 Or faint against her bosom.

Your sweet lives shall depart
In the rarer sweetness of her breath—
Oh, flowers, glad I would taste your death,
 To die upon her heart!

The love advanceth, succeeding fast, and the lady sendeth her lover a June basket.

Go, half-unclosed flowers—
Each faithful bear my love a kiss!
Heaven gave you sunshine but for this,
 And nourished you with showers.

How each warm bloom discloses
The secret of a heart a-glow
For him to whom ye blushing go,
 Oh, enviable Roses!

In blushes there is meetness,
Inconstant heirs of bliss, you—
For *he* shall kiss and kiss you,
 With lips beyond your sweetness.

Proud Roses, *let* him rain
His kisses on you by the score;
Ye cannot sigh, and ask for more,
 Nor kiss him back again.

Pictures of Life.

A FUQUEER'S CURSE.

Among the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering fuqueer.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement, is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the aforesaid cockroach brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that, in virtue of his ugliness, he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The fuqueer is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises every body and everything; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting; and lives on the fat of the land.

There is this much, however, to be said for him, that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenten fast, or a penance of parched peas in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a fuqueer, who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking this stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables; but, like the Scottish gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "no for hissel, but for a neebour." When I saw him, he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night, considerately leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings; for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a fuqueer will take it into his head that the community will be benefitted by his trundling himself along like a cart-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire* composed of chopped straw, mud and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes, a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hung like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

"O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, feet, or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the population turn out to meet and escort him with due honors to the public well or tank; the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers just as if he were an ordinary mortal; making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence, doubled up into a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the fuqueer makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attentions shown him, and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is the most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fall, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow; a white streak runs along the ridge of the nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth; his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bone effect to his breast. When I add that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the verandah of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage a taste of what they called *Wulatee boinjee*, (English lightning) when a long, gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out toward me, what appeared to be a pair of tongs with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Fuqueer," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek," (alms.)

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The fuqueer paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the fuqueer, with a swagger.

"Oh, you do—then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek!"

So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the fuqueer was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended, while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work, but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of fuqueer's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself;—rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth. "If," said I, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his moustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered; "your lightning can't touch a fuqueer—the gods take care of him!"

Without more ado, I charged the battery and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The fuqueer seemed rather amused at the queer-looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the fuqueer's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil, and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about in such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope. When he had got to what he reckoned cursing distance, he turned round, shook his fist at me, and fell to work—pouring out a torrent of imprecations—shouting, screeching, and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold.

There is this peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters, boils, and ulcers, (no insufficient curses in a hot country,) he does not otherwise allude to him personally; but directs the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives—from his grandmother to his grand-daughter—wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and grand-aunts inclusive. These he imprecates individually and collectively through every clause of a prescribed formulary, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail and comprehensiveness of malediction, leaves small scope for additions or improvements.

Leaving me, then, to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings, and compose his ruffled dignity.

It so happened, that a short time after the fuqueer had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda or door curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave, on their haunches, round the door.—On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges.—The old Kidmudgar was too fat to run far, so I seized him just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself; so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with, "Oh, *re-hai-re-hai*!" and began to blubber, as only a fat Kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the fuqueer, and make him a present; if I did not I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun; "For," said he, "a fuqueer's curse is good as *kismut-ke-bat*" (a matter of fate). Some of his fellows now seeing that the murder was out, ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

A laugh was the only answer I could make.—That somewhat reassured them, but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man. It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a kid and a bag of rupees to the fuqueer. The durzee (tailor) who had just come from the village where the fuqueer heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse everybody in the village as he had cursed me and mine. The consequence was that pice, cowries, rice and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the fuqueer surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women; to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had withered me up, root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a fuqueer. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I cannot tell. I heard no more of him.

A few such adventures as these would tend to lessen the gross, and to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labor.—*Household Words.*

A MOORISH EXECUTION.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, who is writing a series of interesting letters from Tangier, narrates the following incident:—

Notwithstanding the peculiar laws of this country, capital punishments are very rare. During the past fifteen years three only have taken place in the town of Tangier. On one of those occasions my informant was present. The occurrence was brought vividly to his mind some two hours ago, as on our way home from a hunting excursion, I directed his attention to a number of exquisitely beautiful white lilies, on the left of the road, which grew within a space of about four feet square. Checking his horse as I spoke, and turning half round in the saddle, he remarked—

"There is a melancholy interest attached to that spot, for where grows the lily in such profusion, I beheld a scene which has caused me many a sleepless night—the like, I pray Heaven I may never again look upon. I had risen at the break of day, and, accompanied by a friend, had set out to shoot, near the town, in ignorance of the execution which was about to take place. On reaching the principal gate, we found it shut, which surprised us much, knowing old Ben Khajjr, the porter, to be an early riser. We then proceeded to the castle gate, called Bab Marshan, which was also shut, but Ben Khajjr was there, with a multitude of people, who, like ourselves, were desirous to leave the town.

"'Why are you so late to-day?' said I to the old porter.

"Ben Khajjr replied in enigmas; he had his orders not to let any Mussulman pass outside the gate for the next half hour.

"'Surely,' I said, 'your instructions do not extend to us. If there has been a robbery in the town—to which alone I can attribute this unusual order—we are not likely to be the persons.'

"'Well,' said the old gatekeeper, as I slipped into his hand a small silver key, 'you and your friend may pass, but no Moor can.'

"We sallied forth, wondering what could be the cause of such a novel order. This, however, was soon explained; for the first object that caught our eye was a party of soldiers moving slowly down this road. As we hastened towards the party, we perceived they had two prisoners, who were secured with ropes, fastened round their arms and waist. I recognized one of them to be a native of Reef, who had formerly been a gardener in the service of one of my friends at Tangier. He was a fine, tall, handsome youth, and his countenance was far from indicating anything vicious or depraved. Having joined them, I inquired of the Kaid of the soldiers the cause of these men being led as prisoners.

"'The Sultan—may God prolong his life!' said he—'has ordered their heads to be cut off; they have been carrying on a contraband trade in oxen on the coast of Reef with the infidel Spaniard.'

"'This, indeed,' I replied, 'is a severe punishment for such a crime; and if it be intended as a warning to others, why prevent the people of Tangier from seeing it?'

"'Reason not with me, Nazarene,' said the Kaid;—'I have my orders, and shall obey them.'"

Here where we now stand was then the Jewish slaughter-ground, and this (touching with the muzzle of his gun the group of lilies to which I had referred) had been selected as the spot for the execution. Here we found a depraved-looking Moor, dressed as a butcher, holding in his hand a small knife, about half a foot in length. He was a stranger, and had been hired to act on the occasion, for the Mahommedan butchers of Tangier, who are the persons constrained to perform such service when a regular executioner cannot be found, had taken refuge in the sanctuary of Mosmoody; and had it not been for this person offering his services, the authorities would have been much perplexed to obey the mandates of the Sultan.

A morbid curiosity chained me to the spot, although I foresaw I should have to behold a scene of horror. Some wrangling now ensued between the Kaid's soldiers and the executioner as to the reward the latter was to receive for decapitating the poor wretches who, all the time, were standing by, compelled to listen to this bartering for their blood. The butcher insisted that four dollars had been offered him for one head alone, and contended for a like amount for the other. The Kaid unwillingly yielded the point, and immediately the first victim, who was already half dead with terror, was thrown down on the ground by the executioner, who, kneeling on his breast, put the knife to his throat. I turned away, a violent struggle ensued, and I heard the executioner say,—"Give me another knife—mine won't cut." I looked around; the wretched man was lying with his throat half cut, his breast heaving, and every limb writhing.—My companion now loudly reproached the party for their cold-blooded atrocity, and called upon them to put the suffering man out of his misery. After a time another knife was handed by a soldier to the executioner, and the head was severed. The soldiers shouted, feebly—"May God prolong the life of our Sultan!" though I observed that many of them were as much horrified as ourselves.

I remained riveted to the spot where yet another victim awaited his fate. This was the fine looking fellow of whom I have spoken. Again there took place a bartering for his blood; the Kaid denying his late promise, and declaring that he would not give even the four dollars already earned, unless the head of the second criminal was cut off. To this the executioner was at length forced to consent. The culprit now begged to be untied. This request being acceded to, he took off his gelab, and giving it to the soldier who had performed this act of kindness to him, said—"Accept this; we shall yet meet in another world." His turban he threw to another, who had uttered a word of pity, instead of joining in the insulting shout of the soldiery; and walking steadily to the spot, where his companion lay, he cried out, with a distinct voice—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet." Then turning to the executioner, he loosed his girdle, and gave it to him, saying—"For the love of God, sever my head with better despatch than you did that of my brother." He laid himself flat on the ground, yet moist with blood; and the knee of the ruffian was placed on the Reefian's breast. A horseman was now seen galloping towards the party.

"A reprieve!" shouted my friend. "Stop! stop!"

The executioner withheld his knife.

"It is only the son of the Governor!" exclaimed a soldier; "he is coming to see the execution. Wait for him."

I rushed away in horror; and soon afterward we saw the soldiers bearing in their hands the two bleeding heads.

No sooner were the gates opened than a troop of boys rushed out and attacked the executioner with stones. The man fled into the country, pursued by the young mob—and it was reported he had fallen senseless some three miles from the town, covered with a hundred bruises.

On entering the town, the soldiers seized the first Jew they met, and obliged him to salt the heads, which were subsequently hung from the top of a square tower on the town wall, fronting the great market place.

As I returned homeward, I met, in the little sok a Reefian, whom I knew to be a cousin to the deceased gardener, armed with a brace of pistols and a dagger, hurrying along. On asking him what was the matter, he replied—

"I am about to revenge the death of my relation on that accursed stranger, who alone was found ready to cause our blood to flow."

Next day it was reported the executioner had been shot and buried on the spot. No investigation was had by the authorities of Tangier; and the cousin returned, and remained unmolested.

After three days' exposure, the heads were sent to the Sultan, to convince his imperial majesty that his orders had been obeyed. They were met on the road by a courier bringing a reprieve, who was said to have been detained in consequence of one of the rivers being impassable from heavy rains.

Selected Articles.

PAUL JONES.

The early history of this wonderful man, whose deeds have added so much to the glory of the American arms on sea, is not generally known, or, if known, only in unpublished tradition. Paul Jones, or John Paul, (to call him by his family name, "Jones" being assumed,) was in Philadelphia previous to and at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was of an impetuous though firm disposition, and notwithstanding his born allegiance to the British crown, his republican spirit, doubly-kindled by the wrongs which he thought had been afflicted upon him by the British Government—having been outlawed as a smuggler and a pirate—incited him to vigorously seek and urge a command in the navy of the new Republic, that he might measure arms with England, and show the haughty "mistress of the seas" that "noble blood" was not essential to the strength of an arm, and that gilded honors of kingly bestowal did not make the MAN. He obtained his end, and how well he fulfilled his trust is known to every school boy. He unfurled the first American flag that was ever flung to the breeze, and carried it to the very threshold of the British Lion's den! His daring deeds in the British Channel and upon the German Ocean, savor more of romance than reality, but the then enemies of our country found the reality sufficiently severe to give them an impressive notion—a "Yankee notion"—that "some things could be done as well as others."

At the time Paul Jones was soliciting his command in the then forming navy, which was made up of the best available material, he was regarded as a dashing beau, being profuse in jewelry, fashionable in dress, and obsequiously regardful of the ladies. It was frequently remarked of him, as we learn from good authority, that, with a comb behind his ear, he would have passed for a fashionable French barber, of the first cut! He was small in stature, and elegantly built, with an unmistakable Scotch countenance, and a Scotch twang of the tongue; but his features were thoughtful and determined, notwithstanding the volatile frivolity which a glance at his garb might indicate. He was prodigal with his money, and in the profuse distribution of his favors—knowing no distinctions where the cry of want was heard, whether from rich or poor, and always foremost in "footing up," as the phrase goes, at the social board. He died, of course, a poor man.

One can scarcely think, and the mind conceive, that such was the character and manner of the man who awoke the first shriek of the American Eagle on the seas, making discordant the notes of "Rule Britannia," and sending the death-rattle into the throats of those who sang it.

"Mr. Paul," as he was called in those old days, at the balls and the parties, and known only by that name in Philadelphia, may now be seen at Independence Hall, as he appeared then. The portrait is original, and was painted by the elder Peale, from life, three-quarters of a century ago. Mr. P. was an intimate friend and companion of the remarkable naval hero.

NOVEL CONTRIVANCE TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—In St. Phillip's Chapel, Winchester, are ancient stall seats, affixed to the wall of the ante-chapel. These have their seats so affixed upon hinges that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms, so that if the monks who use them dropped asleep during divine service, the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the old oaken back and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole audience. Nothing was ever more cleverly contrived to keep people awake in church.

THE SERAGLIO AND THE HAREM.

A Chapter from the Autobiography of Lola Montes.

My husband came to Simla, to be reconciled with my mother—and forever alienated from me. He desired to take me to Bareilly, where his regiment was then stationed; and then, in a few days, would that life again begin which now appeared insupportable. Like our journey from Calcutta to Kurnal, so was this from Simla—a perpetual series of domestic quarrels.

Days appear centuries when passed in a house of discord.

One fine morning, I left the home of my husband without taking counsel of any one, and but indifferently provided with money. I, though but a young woman of seventeen, had determined to journey alone through mighty India—to traverse a distance of seven hundred leagues to Bareilly, where my mother resided.

Dark forebodings filled my soul, and induced so deep a reverie, that I paid no attention to the violent and frequent bumps or blows which agitated my palanquin. As they evidently did not result from any acceleration of pace of my bearers, I opened the door, to ascertain what could thus disturb the ordinary equanimity of my Pariahs.

The fear in which I found them, as well as the lowering aspect of the heavens, rendered it plain that we were about to be overtaken by one of those terrible storms peculiar to the tropics. I asked my attendants whither they proposed bearing me for shelter. They made no answer. The instinct common to all animals impelled them to flight, and this was all they knew.

"Is the Station far from here?" cried I, in a loud, angry tone.

"Ah, yes!"

"Well, then, is there no house near, where I can shelter myself till the storm be over?"

"Yes, there is, indeed, a house—a splendid palace, just behind those trees; but it is—"

"Well, what is it?"

"A HAREM! the Palace Umbella, which belongs to the powerful and fearful Rajah Kik-Kee. No foreigners dare approach this spot."

"Well, carry me there. I will soon find my way in."

The palanquin bearers directed their course to the harem. The building soon showed itself in glimpses behind the trees, and as they bowed themselves at short intervals to the fury of the rising breeze, I observed immense gardens, which from afar, appeared like vast vases of flowers.

It was time to fly! Flashes of lightning rent in quick succession the clouds, and the fast coming rain drops warned us to haste. I was well assured the Rajah would receive me kindly, having made his acquaintance in Kurnal. No sooner was I announced than the Rajah Kik-Kee, came himself in person to receive me; and, after an intensely polite greeting, led me, amidst incessant compliments, to the most comfortable chamber of his palace.

During the storm, a period of two hours, which was as wearisome to me as apparently agreeable to himself, he entertained me with a full account of all his greater or lesser public and private affairs, but spoke principally of the beautiful Princess Moniah, with whom he was enamored to the last degree. After which he gave me leave to visit without ceremony, not only this love, but also his numerous other female favorites.

At last the storm disappeared—the golden sunrays shone forth, and the rain disappeared as if by magic beneath their influence.

But, ere we visited the palace, the Rajah led me through his vast gardens, filled to oppression with perfumed flowers of every description. In vast reservoirs, myriads of fountains flashed upward, cooling the air with their invisible misty rain, while here and there swarmed hundreds of small ducks.

The Kiosks were carpeted with Cachemere shawls, upon which reclined in voluptuous ease and slept beautiful slaves, clad in white muslin, while at the windows of the palace I saw both birds and maidens—the latter gleaming with gold and precious stones.

When they saw me, they burst into a loud peal of laughter—probably at my European garb and gait. These girls of the Harem are little better than pretty little pet animals, and fulfil no higher offices than those of ladies' lap dogs in Europe.

A female slave soon announced that the Sultana was ready to receive me.

Moniah was a woman of sixteen; tall, beautiful, and so exquisitely formed as a classic statue. In her soft but animated countenance I could trace those lines which characterize the Venus of Milo, while large, black gazelle eyes, and glossy hair, entwined with bands of pearls, little feet, and still smaller hands, combined to form this most perfect poetry of human nature.

Her extremely simple clothes consisted of a garment of Turkish muslin, embroidered with gold. A short body of yellow silk, fitting tightly to the exquisite form which it embraced, permitted us to discern the enchanting shape of the beautifully proportioned woman.

From her neck hung a diamond necklace; from her forehead rested a diadem of emeralds; in her ears were great pearl rings, of Indian fashion; and upon her ankles and snow-white arms, she bore enamelled *Bangles*, set with fine pearls.

She reclined upon an embroidered carpet, and was surrounded by beautiful women, many of whom were dancing gracefully, while others waved about her, fans of the richest description.

Moniah chewed betel, which a female slave presented her in a gold box. She arose, and led me to a quiet corner of the great hall, that she might gossip with me, undisturbed, and overwhelmed me with a flood of questions, relating to European subjects. I, for my part, interrogated her as to the usages of the harem.

"You must, in this enchanting place, be very happy," said I. "You want nothing, and every wish appears gratified."

"Not so happy as you think."

"What! have you also care and trouble?"

"Ah, yes; am I not obliged to live in the daily company of my rivals?"

"But you are the esteemed favorite."

"To-day, yes; but to-morrow a freak of my master's may deprive me of love and rank."

"And what would then happen?"

"I should be reduced to a level with those women whom you behold around us, whose duty it is to serve the new favorites."

"And those dear little children who are playing around among the ladies?"

"They are mine—the only heirs of their father's wealth."

"And the children of the other ladies?"

"Belong to a lower caste, and dare not enter the harem."

While we thus conversed, one of the other ladies clapped her hands to call the slaves, who soon appeared, bearing Mitaye, the bon bons, which they eat all day long. Others lighted superb pipes, which are smoked, while reclining, from stems of cherry or amber wood. All day long these ladies of the harem are busied with nothing but trifles and the toilette. From morning to night they dress and undress continually, admire their clothes, of which they have hundreds, talk scandal, and gossip over reports from other harems, quarrel, cry, sing, dance, &c., &c., &c.

These "female *beings*" of the East, without passions, without virtues or sins, without true griefs or joys, resemble flowers. They vegetate, but do not live. They are the beautiful apparatus of a harem, known as "women."

The feminine sex of Europe at the present day is in full career to be thus orientalized!—*Drawing Room Journal.*

☞ Oak is stronger than iron—both pieces being equal in weight.

The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. BOND TAPPAN, M. D.

NIAGARA.

There are many hurried visitors at the Falls, who [illegible] the same day. It is indispensable for such to have a certain tact in visiting the various places of interest, otherwise (as [illegible]) [illegible] limited division of time, they will fail of making a complete and satisfactory tour.

For the benefit of such, in this letter I will follow exactly the routine pursued by our party, showing that it is a possible thing, what many have denied, to visit Niagara thoroughly in one day.

The first step is to secure a competent guide. Their number is legion, and they demand exorbitant fees. After some delay in the selection, we chose the most modest as well as the most reasonable in his demands. He asked $2 for the day, and spoke German, English, Spanish, and French, fluently, and even elegantly.

We had made a happy choice; and I may add a guide is indispensable to a full enjoyment of the scene.

Ours had the instinct, rare among his class, to know just when to check, and when to give rein to his garrulous propensity.

Under his guidance, then, we drove half a mile down the river, and then winding down a precipice of two hundred and fifty feet, [illegible] near the chasm, we stepped on board the daring little steamer, "The Maid of the Mist." Never was title more appropriate, as will presently be seen. Here we found India rubber garments for those who wished to remain on deck when passing the Falls. The whole party, with one or two exceptions, (ladies of course) were presently metamorphosed into the motliest group, a sheer libel on humanity, and scarcely to be identified as human beings, but for the dim perspective down a long alley of India rubber cloth, of eyes and noses. Soon, turning a point, Niagara burst into view—the entire panorama sweeping round from the American to the Canada shore, with Goat Island dividing, centrally, the vast body of water. No description I had ever read of the Falls, sufficed to give me a correct geographical idea of them. The emotions they awaken, generally evaporate in poetical rhapsodies; I am, therefore, perhaps, warranted in offering a more strictly descriptive letter than [illegible] constantly date from this spot. There are two distinct falls—formed by the position of Goat Island. This Island contains about fifty acres, is thickly wooded, and full of sweet, romantic nooks, for poets to weave Niagara thoughts into verse. Above this Island the rapids part upon the white beach, like the parting away of a mermaid's wildly flowing locks from her snowy brow, and in a moment begin their riotous gambols. Large rocks lie buried immediately beneath the water level, and the current breaking furiously upon them, converts itself into a seething mass of foam. A bridge thirty feet long spans the rapids, and conducts you on to the Island. Below this point they widen; then, ere taking the final leap, the American fall has a sweep from Island to the shore of half a mile. Crossing the Island through a dense forest, you come in view of the "Horse Shoe," or Canada fall. From these respective points, the view embraces but half the panorama. The glory breaks divided on you, as if the senses were of too limited capacity to take in at once the unshorn fullness of its splendor. For the time, nothing is seen or heard but the cataract immediately before you.

During this digression, our gallant little "Maid" has been nobly buffeting the stream. Here we are, rocking and pitching about like a vessel at sea, looking up almost perpendicularly at the summit of the fall. Through a cloud of mist and spray, we can see, with eyes half blinded, a green avalanche descending with appalling sereneness.—Beneath our feet quivered the deck like an aspen leaf. I absolutely quailed. Ten feet nearer and we should have been ground to atoms. Never was "sublime" so audacious—while the ladies clung tremblingly to us, making superhuman efforts to repress shrieks or hysterics.

One's sensations here are perfectly overwhelming. Something of all this whirl and din is communicated to the brain. You see nothing, feel nothing clearly, only your own littleness, only your madness in venturing upon so near an approach, wondering, too, if you shall ever get back alive! Confine a nervous man here for twenty-four hours, and I verily believe he would go mad! I was prepared to see a wild rush, a convulsive spring into the abyss, but the calm majestic flowing down, is infinitely more grand and impressive. So vast and deep is the body of water, that it descends in one unbroken, steady column—too massive even to tremble with its own impetus.

Gazing fixedly for a moment, the green, glassy surface appears to lose all motion, until you can in imagination almost conceive it to be a magnificent glacier toppled over the precipice and frozen there forever!

I know of nothing finer or more thrilling than this feature of the great cataract, and it is wonderfully striking, because so entirely unexpected. On emerging from our shroud of mist and foam, out into the broad day, I felt like a criminal catching from afar the cry of pardon, as the drop is about to fall. Having since been laughed at for this half terror, I have concluded that the "Maid of the Mist" must have been uncommonly coquettish that morning, and flirted a little too intimately with her giant lover. Leaving the American fall, we had scarcely time to come back to our proper senses, ere the steamer buried us within the spray of the "Horse Shoe" fall. Here the climax is reached. The fall is wider, has a more uninterrupted and tranquil flow, and shows a richer and more beautiful green. It lacks the wildness and romance of its rival—wanting the fierce rapids rushing over rocks, and the nearness of the picturesque Island, which the latter enjoys.

The Canada fall is likewise eight feet lower. Our little steamer behaved herself more sensibly than ever. This time the ladies shrieked outright, and it was not only mist, but down pouring rain that beat upon our India rubber garments. I shouted in the ear of my friend, but the roar of the cataract mocked me. Presently the Captain rung a trumpet blast. A moment, and a hollow, subterranean murmur, or rather groan, came back to us from the bowels of the earth.

"It is a guide's voice," said the Captain.

"Whose?" inquired the company, looking puzzled.

"He is *behind* the Falls," was the answer.

"Where we shall be this afternoon," said our guide, nudging my elbow.

☞ Bell's Life in London recently stated that a lady had lost no less than £20,000 on the Derby Races. The Limerick Chronicle says that the lady is the only daughter of the poet Lord Byron, "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

☞ About one hundred persons make their living in Cincinnati, by selling lemonade in the streets.

☞ A Paris letter says that a member of the Royal Family in Spain, has eloped with a cook of the Palace, to the great scandal of the Court.

☞ Severe.—One of the St. Louis papers complains that the *arrivals* of the mails from the West now-a-days are not so regular as their *robberies*.

☞ A late writer in the Cultivator, says that whether scythes hold their edge well, depends altogether on whether the man works by the day or acre. While the former will be compelled "to stop and sharpen" every five minutes, the latter, he says, will slash away all day without once thinking of a grindstone. Queer, isn't it?

☞ The Earth Going Wrong.—Rev. Mr. Muir, of Aberdeen, Scotland, made an experiment in his own church the other day, to demonstrate the rotation of the earth. To the great confusion of the assembled *savans*, the machine indicated that the earth was turning the wrong way.

It is suggested that a cog-wheel must have got out of place, or else the earth was backing up to take on more passengers.

☞ A letter from London in the Boston Traveller, says there is a register kept in the Glass Palace, in which all of our countrymen who visit the Exhibition are requested to inscribe their names. The Hon. Abbott Lawrence's heads the list. By this register there appear to have been fifteen hundred Americans up to the 28th of June, to visit the Fair.

☞ A Mr. Beach was recently instantly killed by lightning, while sleeping with his wife, *on a feather bed*. Mrs. Beach suffered no permanent injury.

☞ The President, with his family, and also Mr. Secretary Stuart, will visit White Sulphur Springs, Va., about the 15th of August.

☞ As our stage heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favorite with the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

AMERICAN RIOTS.

A New York contemporary furnishes the following list of the more prominent riots which have taken place in the United States for the last twenty years. If we are not mistaken, the list is incomplete—but we cannot supply from memory the deficiencies:

September 22, 1832, Riot at Providence, militia called out. Four men killed, and eight wounded.

July, 1834, Abolition riot at New York. This continued two days—during which time the whole city was one scene of anarchy and disturbance.

August 11, 1834, Riot at Charlestown, Mass. During its continuance, a Delegation from Boston performed prodigies of valor—burning down a Catholic Seminary, and rendering houseless a large number of unoffending women and children.

August 8, 1835, Riot at Baltimore, brought about by the suspension of the Bank of Maryland.

August 12, 1834, Abolition riot in Philadelphia. Forty houses destroyed.

July 30, 1836. Riot at Cincinnati. Birney's Abolition paper destroyed. During this year, there were also Abolition riots at Utica, Boston, and several other places.

February, 3, 1837, Riot in New York, caused by the high price of flour. Several stores gutted, and their contents scattered about the streets. Prices, we believe, were not sensibly affected.

November 7, 1837, Abolition riot at Alton, Ill. Rev. E. P. Lovejoy's newspaper destroyed, and himself killed.

May 17, 1838, Anti-slavery riot in Philadelphia—destroying Pennsylvania Hall and much other property.

December 5, 1838, Riot at Harrisburg, caused by two different Legislatures claiming possession of the capitol at the same time. To adjust matters, the citizens called a meeting, organized a mob, and drove the Senators out of the house. Militia called out, and the matter adjusted after a [illegible] war of four days.

September 4, 1841, Riot at Cincinnati; Irishmen against Abolitionists.

May 6—8, 1844, Riot in Philadelphia between the Native Americans and Irish. Thirty houses and three churches burned; 16 persons killed, and 40 wounded—a greater loss than the Americans sustained at the Battle of New Orleans. At one time, the number engaged in this riot, could not have been less than seven or eight thousand. After two days' continuance, the military were called out, and peace restored.

July 7, 1844, the above riot was renewed with increased bitterness, and greater bloodshed, the killed and wounded amounting to nearly one hundred. A large portion of the slain in this riot were cut down by the military, 4,000 of whom were under arms for about 90 hours.

May 10, 1849, Riot at the Astor Place Opera House—between 5,000 fools on one side, and Mr. Macready on the other. Twenty-one killed and 45 wounded.

May 26, 1851, Riot at Hoboken, between 15,000 Germans and a delegation of blackguards from New York. Two killed, and thirty or forty more or less injured. This riot is distinguished from all other American riots by the number engaged in its prosecution, and the uncalled-for attack which gave rise to it. In all former outbreaks, there has been some grievance, either real or imaginary, which furnished the spark that kindled it. But in this attack on the Germans, even the poor plea of revenge cannot be urged. It was malicious and brutal—as undeserved as it was villainous and disgraceful.

A Green Rose.—We recently noticed the production of a blue rose at Paris, by artificial coloring. The Raleigh, North Carolina, Register, in copying our notice says:

We can add to this the Green Rose, of North Carolina, which, though not the creature of science, is sufficiently well known in parts of this State to claim a rank among the above floral novelties. The rose is identical with our common [illegible], except in color, the variation in which is supposed to have been produced by the accidental intermingling of the roots of the rose-tree with those of the common sumac. The peculiarities of the new varieties are perpetuated by cuttings or otherwise. It is quite common in the county of Bladen, and some few specimens exist in the town of Fayetteville.

The Virgin Queen.—"F. T.," a correspondent of the London publication, called Notes and Queries, is trying to prove that Queen Elizabeth had a son and a daughter, who were sent over to Ireland, and placed under the care of the Earl of Ormonde. The Earl, it will be remembered, was distantly related to the Queen, her great-grandmother being the daughter of Thomas, the 8th Earl. Papers are said to exist in the family which prove the above statement. It is also said that the Earl of Essex was the father of these children, one of whom was born and died at Kenilworth, and had a stone put over her grave inscribed "Silentium."

Forgiveness.—The most difficult of all the virtues is forgiveness. Mayhew, in his recent work on the London poor, gives the following as the language of a little coster boy, when questioned about the Saviour:

"I have heard a little about our Saviour—they seem to say He was a goodish kind of a man; but if he says as how a cove's to forgive a feller as hits you, I should say he knowed nothing about it!"

That's the practical belief of many who have greater advantages than the poor coster boy.

Advertising.—Genin, the great hatter, in a note to the editor of the New York Courier, inviting him to test his style of hats, holds the following language:—

"The benefits I have derived from the Press, as an advertising medium, it is beyond my power to estimate, and I am well satisfied, from careful observation and experience, that advertising is the main-spring of success in every branch of business."

Clippings.

☞ The only royal family in modern times which has selected scarlet for its household color, is that of England. The household of all the Bourbon Kings, of the Portuguese, Prussian, Swedish, and Netherlandish sovereigns, and of most of the German princes, wear blue; Austria delights in black and yellow; Russia in dark green. The court of England alone blazes in scarlet.

☞ Complimentary.—A Western editor, in speaking of a cotemporary, says that his habits are so objectionable, that it is impossible for him to become more disagreeable, even if he should use guano for pomatum.

☞ At a political meeting "up country," one of the speakers, who is not overstocked with brains, wishing to open with a grand flourish, commenced an address with the Shakspearian exordium,—"Friends and fellow citizens, lend me your *ears*!" "I raythur think you've got *plenty of that article already*," cried out a raw Yankee, of a different school of politics, who seized the occasion to pay off an old grudge against the orator. As may be supposed, the guffaw which greeted the rising Demosthenes "set him back" slightly.

☞ It is said that at the last council of Catholic Bishops of the United States, a rule was passed that there should be no Trustees, and no Church Property held by Trustees, or by Secular Clergy, but that all such property should be held by the Bishops or Monastic Orders, including the Jesuits.

☞ A correspondent of the Portsmouth Journal requests that as soon as the pendulum excitement is over, our philosophers will settle the following question: "Why is it that in walking round the world, a man's *head* travels some hundreds of miles more than his *heels*?" The editor of the "Journal" says this question engaged the attention of the wise men of the last century.

☞ A Modern Farmer's Wife.—A young lady, recently married to a farmer, one day visited the cow-house, when she thus interrogated her milkmaid: "By-the-bye, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk?"

☞ The ignorance of young ladies brought up to thumb pianos, read love-sick novels, and entertain young gentlemen with moustaches, is astonishing. The other day one of this class threw the milk intended for tea out of the window, because it had a yellow scum on the top.

☞ Our accounts from Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, represent the crops, and especially the wheat crop, as being unusually fine and abundant. The yield of wheat this season will be immensely larger than ever before known.

☞ A country clergyman, who had preached many years to the same society, told his hearers, one Sunday, that if they would propose texts for him to preach upon, he could do them much more good than by selecting his own. "Will not some one," he said, "give me a subject for next Sunday?" After waiting awhile for some answer, a young man in the back part of the house arose and said: "You know that we read in the Bible that Nebuchadnezzar eat grass?" "Certainly," said the minister, "we do. And now, young man, what do you wish to have explained in regard to that passage?" "Oh," said the young fellow, "I kinder want to know how much they axed him a week for pasture?"

☞ From the bright colors worn by the ladies this season, one would think that men, like turkey cocks, only fly at scarlet. We met a "*femme*" in Broadway, yesterday, so wrapped in the flames of a vermillion satin skirt, that we thought she was a conflagration, and commenced hollering fire.

☞ Philosophy.—Why do persons in a crowded church feel drowsy? 1. Because the crowded congregations inhale a large proportion of the oxygen of the air, which can alone sustain vitality and healthy action; and 2, the air of the church is impregnated with carbonic acid gas, which (being a strong narcotic) produces drowsiness in those who inhale it.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies, - - - $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Eleventh Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude in this paper, Mr. T. S. Arthur's interesting story, "The Iron Hand"—which we trust will have a beneficial influence upon many minds, "turning the hearts of the parents towards their children, and the children towards their parents"—that love and peace in the blessed family circle, may thus more and more abound.

In our next we shall commence

THE BELLE OF THE SPRINGS.

By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c., &c.

And after the completion of Mrs. Hentz's Novelet, we expect to lay before our readers another story from the gifted pen of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.

WORDSWORTH.

A new and complete edition of the poetical works of William Wordsworth, has recently been published by Messrs. Troutman & Hayes, of this city—edited by that firm friend and devoted admirer of the poet, Professor Henry Reed. The volume is printed in large, clear type, and simply bound in leather, the whole style plain and grand, like the character and writings of the poet. The embellishments are a portrait, whose noble, intellectual head and thoughtful countenance are apparently true to life, and a sweet, home-like picture of Rydal Mount. Though not one of the indiscriminate admirers of Wordsworth, we have long known and enjoyed the treasures of high thought and pure feeling contained in these poems, the true record of his quiet and meditative yet lofty life, perhaps the ideal life for a poet. It affords the most remarkable instance we have of devotion to poetry as to a great work worthy the deliberate consecration of time and talents from youth to old age. There is a beautiful harmony and consistency in his persevering pursuit of the course originally marked out for himself, unmoved alike by the scornful laughter of the literary world, and by the almost universal praise that has crowned his latter days with honor. Of the three friends, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, who in youth embraced literature as a profession, the first two have always to our fancy stood forth as warnings, one of an indolence that allowed his splendid powers to evaporate in idle conversations, leaving scarcely any enduring record, the other of an excessive studiousness that literally exhausted his intellect, and left him a melancholy picture of imbecility before the time came for bodily decay; while in Wordsworth we see the golden mean of moderation, blessed by health of mind and body, and by the full and successful exercise of his genius through the varied experience of a long life.

We should like to point out to such of our readers as are unacquainted with Wordsworth, (if any there be,) some of the beautiful things that he has written; but so many choice passages appeal to us for selection, that it is not easy to choose among them. One of our earliest favorites was the poem composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey. Its quiet, introverted spirit would not take every one's fancy, but in our imaginative youth we have pored over these lines, imbibing their dreamy, rapturous spirit with the most perfect sympathy and the most intensely appreciative enjoyment. Every genuine lover of nature can respond to the feelings expressed in the following passage:

> "I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colors and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
> And all its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
> Faint I nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
> Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
> Abundant recompense. For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue."

The following extract from one of his tales in blank verse, "Vaudracour and Julia," proves that the author of "Peter Bell" and the "Idiot Boy," which have been so ridiculed as utterly unpoetic, knew how to picture the most poetic thing in life—"first and passionate love."

> "The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
> Her chamber window did surpass in glory
> The portals of the dawn; all paradise
> Could, by the simple opening of a door,
> Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
> Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
> Surcharged within him—overblest to move
> Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
> To its dull round of ordinary cares;
> A man too happy for mortality!"

Wordsworth has written some of the finest sonnets in the English language. That in which he defends this rather unpopular form of verse is one of the best:

> "Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
> Mindless of its just honors; with this Key
> Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
> Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
> A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
> Camöens soothed with it an Exile's grief;
> The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
> Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
> His visionary brow; a glow-worm Lamp,
> It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-Land
> To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
> Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
> The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

At the risk of quoting what is familiar to many, we will quote another sonnet, which we heartily wish were laid up for a perpetual warning in the memory of every ambitious, hard-working, money getting individual, in this the busiest country under the sun:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the Sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Another fine one, similar in purport, begins,

> "These times touch moneyed worldlings with dismay."

One of the prettiest of his light productions is "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves," a pleasant instance of the rare instinct with which his [illegible] eye caught up and treasured the poetic aspect of common things. We also confess to a decided liking for that seldom appreciated little poem, beginning,

> "I wandered lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

In this piece occurs the beautiful and oft-quoted expression,

> "That inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

"Laodamia" is a noble poem, conveying a lofty, spiritual lesson, and "The Triad" contains three of the finest pictures in literature of womanly worth and grace and beauty. Apropos to them, is that unsurpassed description of a perfect woman, of which we will quote one verse:

> "I saw her upon nearer view,
> A Spirit, yet a Woman, too!
> Her household motions light and free,
> And steps of virgin liberty;
> A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet;
> A Creature, not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

We have quoted largely, but cannot refrain from alluding to that beautiful little poem, perhaps the very sweetest effusion of the poet's spirit, in which he describes, in his happiest vein, the benign influence of Nature in moulding to the purest ideal of grace and beauty the growing mind and person of a child:

> "She shall be sportive as the Fawn,
> That wild with glee across the lawn,
> Or up the mountain springs;
> And hers shall be the breathing balm,
> And hers the silence and the calm
> Of mute insensate things.
>
> The Floating Clouds their state shall lend
> To her; for her the willow bend:
> Nor shall she fail to see
> Even in the motions of the Storm
> Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
> By silent sympathy.
>
> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where Rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Shall pass into her face."

One more extract, and we have done. It is from the glorious ode, "Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood." None of our readers who have a taste for poetry should rest satisfied without an intimate acquaintance with the beauty of the whole.

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy;
> But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day."

SAN FRANCISCO RIOT.

Among the news from California, our readers will find an account of the hanging of a person for stealing, by a committee of "highly respectable" citizens, in San Francisco.

We have no words of justification for this act, as some of our contemporaries have, who ought to know better. Lynch Law is never excusable, save in places where there is no regular administration of the law proper. San Francisco is a regularly organized city government, under a regularly organized State government. She has judges, and juries, and constables, and jails. Her judges, juries and constables were elected by the citizens themselves,—they are her own choice. If they are faithless and unworthy men, it is the fault of those who chose them. By adopting a regular code of laws, and a regular system for the administration of justice, the citizens of San Francisco have pledged their honor to each other, that each shall be held responsible to those laws and their regular administration, and to them only. By substituting another and more summary code, they have violated faith, and defied their own judicial halls. They—these men of "the first respectability"—talk of crime! Why, they have committed the highest of crimes known to a State. They have spit in the face of the judge on the bench—their own judge, too. They have overturned the regular course of justice, set the constituted authorities at defiance, introduced anarchy, committed murder—and under what provocation? Not the provocation of some great and almost unheard-of crime—something which humanity shudders to contemplate—but in a simple case of theft, of stealing unattended with the least degree of violence.

"Highly respectable men"—are you? You are not, in our eyes, "highly respectable," though you were worth a million of dollars apiece.

You agreed with one another, that any one charged with theft should have the benefit of a certain regular trial, before certain regularly constituted tribunals—and that, being convicted, he should be imprisoned for a certain term of years. That was the written compact, the pledge of all to each. And you have violated that, both as to mode of trial and amount of punishment. You are, therefore, doubly false.

You complain of rogues escaping punishment—and yet you made both the judges and the law. You have the right, moreover, at a proper time and place, of altering those judges, and amending those laws. You have the right at any moment, to bring public opinion to bear like an avalanche, upon those who grossly violate their official duties. But because you have foolishly placed corrupt men in office, or enacted unwise laws, you have no right to violate your compact with each other, by forcibly setting those laws and officers aside. With what a face does the charge come that the law is not justly administered, from those who are themselves the grossest violators of the law.

No, no, gentlemen of "high respectability" of San Francisco, these excuses avail you nothing. You have done an unlawful, and, moreover, a mean act. You have tarnished the fair fame of your city, and of the Union, more than the escape of a hundred criminals would have done. You must retrace your steps, as far as you can, or mob-law will be upon you like a flood—and men of "high respectability," perhaps, hereafter be the victims. "Those that sow the wind," in this matter of mob-law, nearly inevitably, at some period or other, "reap the whirlwind."

FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

We have seen of late, frequent and long notices of "Phillip's Fire Annihilator," a patent for which English invention has been taken out in this country, though the machine has not yet been introduced. Probably the accounts referred to, are intended to lay a railroad, or at least a plank-road, in the public mind, designed to secure a good run for the new invention.

From the quoted English accounts of the experiments, there is probably no doubt that the Annihilator speedily smothers and extinguishes fire. But we cannot understand how this can be done, by the formation of a vapor not injurious to health and life, as is asserted. If the vapor be Carbonic Acid Gas, as is also stated, the mystery becomes still greater.

Even, however, if it be found that the vapor cannot be breathed, the Annihilator may be useful in many cases, (if it extinguishes fire as readily as is alleged;) though of course the sphere of its utility would be considerably limited by this fact.

DESPERADOES.

The testimony taken on the trial of the Michigan anti-railroad conspirators at Detroit, is said to develope as villainous a set of rascals as ever disgraced the form of man. Among other oaths which the members of the gang were compelled to take, was the following fiend-like one: "Should *my wife, my father, or my sister* be on board the cars, I will not cease my efforts for the destruction of the Railroad property."

If the omission of the word *mother* in the above, be not simply an oversight, it would go to prove that there is still a small oasis of green in the dry, barren deserts of those villains' hearts. Or, perhaps, they had no mothers,—judging by their character and conduct, one might almost suppose so, and that they were originated spontaneously by some festering poison, as they will probably end one of these days in "spontaneous combustion."

SERVILITY.

He must have been a most impudent hypocrite who first wrote, "I am, *sir*, your most obedient, most humble, devoted servant."

If he was an "impudent hypocrite" who *first* used that servile form of words, what are those who tread in his cringing footsteps? We will give a five dollar gold piece to any one who will find a letter of ours with such a degrading appendage or anything allied to it.

SOCIAL ORDER.

Social order is being fully re-established in Paris, Rome and other parts of Italy and Europe—the kind of "order" which once "reigned in Warsaw."

These mischievous and dangerous Republicans, it is well known, when they got the reins of power in Paris and Rome, abolished the punishment of death for political offences. Of course, the whole fabric of society was in danger of being destroyed; the gallows-rope which holds it firmly bound together, being cut in two.

But the present rulers of France and Italy "have changed all that." While not a single political execution, as we believe, ever happened, took place in Paris and Rome under the Republicans, imprisonments are all the order now at Paris, and both modes of punishment are duly honored in Italy. Another woman has been publicly whipped at Rome for interfering with the sale and smoking of cigars; while "at Bologna alone, forty worthy proprietors, advocates, physicians, and gentlemen of family, have been put in irons, and the prisons are crowded with the victims of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny; and at Rovigo there have been within the past fortnight, twenty-one executions."

It will thus be seen that "social order" is almost fully established. As the shipwrecked sailor said upon seeing a gallows, "now I know I am in a *civilized* country," so we may say upon reading of the numerous executions in Europe. We may be convinced that that "civilization" and "social order," which consists in the impoverishment of the many for the so-called *good*, but real *corruption*, of the few, is again restored for a time upon the crushed and bleeding bodies of thousands of Freedom's martyrs.

PITTSBURG AND PHILADELPHIA

Our beloved fellow citizens of Pittsburg, have recently arisen in their might to protest against aid being given by Philadelphia capitalists to the Hempfield Railroad, which is intended to open a communication between this city and Wheeling, by the way of Greensburg and Washington, thus giving the go-by somewhat to Pittsburg. The charge of "punic faith" is made against the Directors of the Pennsylvania Road, and a determination evinced to build the Steubenville Road as a counter project, by which a connection will be made with the rival city of Wheeling—this route to Philadelphia from Wheeling being somewhat, though not much, longer than the Hempfield one.

Leaving the Pennsylvania Road to fight its own battles upon the question of "punic faith," we may be allowed to make one remark in relation to these quarrels of rival cities and rival roads. And that is this: that whichever road be built first, *all* roads that are called for by the interests of any section, will be built ultimately. The effort to dam up trade, and force it into certain channels, will never be long successful in this country. Railroads will ultimately be built, wherever there is a demand for them, without regard to whether they interfere with the trade of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, or Wheeling. And then the city that has the greatest natural advantages, and the most enterprise, will take the lead. There is no helping this—at least not very long. "To this complexion it must come at last"—and all our merchants, both East and West, might as well reconcile themselves to it at once. The shortest routes will ultimately be constructed to all sections of the West and South-West, and then the trade will go to the nearest place where its wants can be fully satisfied.

AMERICAN TEA.

Mr. Junius Smith sipped recently off his own tea, cured by the heat of the sun, the first ever made in America. He (rather a partial judge, doubtless,) declares that the American tea is all that could be desired. He says:

The drying is so simple, that any farmer in the Union can make his own tea, with the same certainty and the same ease as he can make his own bread. The fragrance is not so high as imported hyson tea, but the taste is far more pure and clean in the mouth, although it leaves the stamp of fresh made tea, or rather a tea from a fresh leaf. It has not the slightest disagreeable taste, but has a full, delicious flavor, indicating, in an eminent degree, perfect purity, and the presence of a sweet, refreshing beverage. Connoisseurs will perhaps measure the quality of my tea by their own, to which they are accustomed. But the comparison will not hold good. My tea is so peculiar, as I always use it in the Chinese way, without sugar or milk, and have the taste of the tea only, and cannot easily be mistaken in the flavor and true properties of the tea. If the tea be good, anything and everything added to it is a detriment; if bad, use as much sugar and milk as will neutralize the bad qualities, and leave nothing but the taste of sugar and milk.—I do assure you that I am so delighted with my pot of tea, that I have drank of it half-a-dozen times whilst writing this article, and nearly exhausted the tea pot. My black tea plants, since their removal in April, have grown much slower than the green tea plants. Indeed, the green tea plant is a much more hardy plant than the black.

GOLD.

Two millions of gold recently left New York for Europe in a single week. On the other hand, the Brother Jonathan and Crescent City brought about $1,465,000, and one and a-half millions more is said to be on its way from California.

We have a question to ask of the philosophers. If the people of the United States get twenty millions this year from California, and put that amount more than usual, on their backs and down their throats, how much better off are they?

We wonder if this is the right answer:—Just as much better off as a family that spends four thousand dollars a year, is over one that spends only fifteen hundred or two thousand.

MR. BRACE.

It has been both stated and denied since our last, that Mr. Brace has been released by the Austrian Government. The latest account is, that he only had been freed from close confinement, and was awaiting his trial in Pesth, before the Military Court. It is further said that he intends to lay a full account of his imprisonment before the American people and Government. It is just about such a petty piece of meanness as Austria would delight in, to persecute individual Americans for the course adopted in relation to Kossuth, by the National Administration. It takes two of Austria's eagles (as any one may see by her flag) to make a full-grown bird, and then it is a monster.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

A barn that recently was burnt in Frankford, near the Arsenal, is supposed to have taken fire from the spontaneous combustion of the hay, which was stored in a green state.

An intelligent farmer of our acquaintance, doubts these cases of alleged spontaneous combustion in hay, because he says he never heard of hay taking fire in the stack from such a cause; and it is generally put greener in a stack than in the mow.

SCARLET FEVER.

The new cure for Scarlet Fever—rubbing the body all over three times a day (or oftener, if necessary,) with fat bacon—is alleged to have proved highly beneficial in a number of recent cases. Patients, it is said, have been recovered by it, after having been given up by the physicians. It is certainly worth a trial.

Quite a Storm.—We had a storm last Saturday afternoon, which was quite violent, though of short duration. It flew from South of Virginia to North of Boston, on the wings of the wind, letting off an incessant discharge of rain and lightning, with occasional volleys of hailstones. Trees, telegraph posts, and, we regret to say, in some cases, crops and houses, suffered severely.

Rather an unusual number of heavy storms, we think, have been chronicled this season.—One, the other day, in the valley of the Juniata, was very severe. The bridges, &c., of the Pennsylvania Railroad were somewhat injured, but all was soon made right again.

INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

Letters from Havana, by the Cherokee, state that on the Fourth of July, an insurrection broke out in central and eastern Cuba. The insurrectionists have entrenched themselves in the mountains. The rising first began at Puerto Principe. As to the extent of the movement, the government and opposition accounts contradict each other. The latter say that parties of the troops have gone over to the insurgents.

It appears that about the 5th inst., from about 800 to 1,000 men, attended by great numbers of women and children, assembled at a place some 20 leagues from Principe and unfurled the standard of Cuban independence, amidst cries of "Viva la Independencia Cubana!" "Mueran los opresores Espanoles," displaying at the same time several American banners. The men were fully equipped for war, so that the troops sent after them by Gen. Lemery, were beaten off with the loss of one of the General's Adjutants, and several soldiers. The loss on the part of the insurgents was small.

There are said to be 14,000 regular Spanish troops in Havana.

☞ Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance, has declined an invitation to visit Chicago. He says in his letter to the Committee of Invitation, that he has just suffered a fresh attack of paralysis, which has seriously debilitated his constitution, and deprives him of the power to protract his stay in this country beyond the close of August, when he purposes bidding a final farewell to America. This visit has been productive of great good.

☞ The Pickens Republican says its neighbor, the *Alabamian*, has been "*salivated* by the too frequent use of the Charleston *Mercury*."

New Publications.

The American Pomologist: containing finely colored drawings, accompanied by letter-press descriptions of Fruits of American Origin. Edited by W. D. Brinckle, A. M., M. D., [illegible], Washington Hort. Society, etc., &c., &c. Vol. I. Published by A. Hoffy, No. 193 South Seventh Street, Phila.

This splendid work is published in the first style of art, with thick white paper, and beautifully colored engravings. The Number before us contains the Brandywine Pear, the Moyamensing Pear, the Petre Pear, the Pennsylvania Pear, the Republican Pippin, the Elise Peach, the Burlington Apricot, Wendell's Mottled Bigarreau, a rich crimson cherry, Cushing White Raspberry, yellow, and Cushing Raspberry, a luscious-looking red fruit. We hope the publisher's enterprise will meet with liberal patronage. Whoever encourages the cultivation of these good gifts of the Creator, fine fruit, confers a benefit upon his fellow creatures; and we call these delicious-looking pictures, imitating so closely the ripe and sunny bloom that Nature paints upon the fruits of the earth, very lively encouragement. No one who has the least taste for horticulture could see them without desiring to become a producer and distributor of such luxuries.

The Pioneer's Daughter. A Tale of Indian Captivity. By Emerson Bennett, author of "The Prairie Flower," "Leni Leoti," "Bandits of the Osage," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street.

This story of Indian adventure will be found full of those lively incidents, and descriptions of tragic encounters with the aborigines of our land, which have gained for its popular author a name and fame among his countrymen.

1851; or, The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, their Son and Daughter, who came up to London to "enjoy themselves," and to see the Great Exhibition. By Henry Mayhew, and George Cruikshank. New York: Stringer & Townsend. For sale by D. Robison, 305 Chesnut Street, Phila.

This comprises parts III. and IV. of the humorous story which we noticed a short time ago.

The Complete Letter Writer. By "Punch." With illustrations by Leech and others. New York: Stringer & Townsend. For sale by D. Robison, 305 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Those who wish to have a good laugh will be pretty sure of enjoying it in reading this emanation of the humor of "Punch."

Nux Comica; or, Entertainment for Man and Beast. By John Smith, Jr. Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard, 178 Chesnut Street.

This is a collection of engravings displaying considerable humor—fifteen pages of laughing matter for this idle summer weather.

Our Correspondents

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

NUMBER II.

On Friday last, Mr. Osborne, one of the proprietors of Shannondale, left here to go to Washington City, as the bearer of an invitation to the President and Cabinet to visit this place. This was numerously signed by the citizens of Jefferson and the adjoining counties, without respect to party. The President has accepted the invitation, but cannot fix a precise day for his arrival, for two assigned reasons—firstly, from the absence of a part of his Cabinet from Washington, and secondly, from his wish to travel quietly, avoiding the parade of public receptions at every stopping place. He is expected, however, very soon.

On Saturday the Masons held a festival at Charlestown, upon the occasion of laying the corner stone of the new Masonic Hall. The orator of the day was B. B. French, Esq., of Washington. A great concourse of people were gathered together. Several of our fellow guests rode over to the village to witness the ceremonies; but the majority preferred to remain at Shannondale.

On Saturday afternoon we had a very agreeable accession of company from Washington City, and from Philadelphia. Among the arrivals from Washington were Dr. Wallis, of the New York Herald, and Dr. Bailey, of the Era, with his lady, family and friends—comprising among themselves a large party. On Tuesday afternoon—arrived Mademoiselle Apollonia Jagello, the Hungarian heroine, attended by Major Tochman, of Washington. On Wednesday came, on his return from Washington City, Mr. Osborne, with a party of gentlemen and ladies, announcing the probably speedy arrival of the President of the United States and suite.

Our company now is not large but select, and very agreeable. Not one unpopular person, or discordant element in it. I heard a lady who has spent every season of her life at various places of Summer resort, say that this was the most select and delightful company that she had ever met at any watering place.

Among the most charming of the guests are the beautiful and accomplished Misses C——'s of your city. These ladies, with their parents, have lately returned from making the tour of Europe, and after having seen the majesty of Switzerland, and the loveliness of Italy, are yet fascinated and delighted with the beauty and sublimity of Shannondale.

Indeed the enthusiastic admiration of every new visitor who comes to Shannondale delights me, because it assures me that I was not extravagant in saying "The world could scarcely match this dale of the Shenandoah in its combination of beauty, sublimity and healthfulness." I look about me sometimes with a feeling that transcends admiration, and rises to wonder, on seeing that no natural gift of loveliness or grandeur is wanting here. What natural beauty indeed can be added to a place where our hourly footsteps wander over undulating lawns shaded with gigantic trees the growth of centuries, each tree a wonder of size, strength, and beauty; where mountain, river, forests, rocks and waterfalls vary our daily walks?

Our occupations and amusements are bathing, gymnastics, walking, riding over the mountains, driving along the deeply shaded banks of the beautiful river, or through the dark forest roads; visiting remarkable places in the neighborhood, such as caves, precipices, and falls; playing at various games; music, singing, dancing in the evening air, etc., etc., etc.

One fine morning this week, we took a walk down the wildly picturesque South bank of the Shenandoah; great beetling rocks overhanging us on one side, and the river rushing on, on the other, until we came to a winding foot-path, leading up a high steep precipice called the "Raven's Rock." After a somewhat fatiguing ascent we reached the top of this rock, and stood upon a shelving point three hundred feet above the river. From this height a magnificent panorama of landscape stretched out around us. On the South side, mountain upon mountain arose until lost in the distance. Below us rolled and roared the river with its everlasting and triumphant rush and song. Beyond it—from its North bank, arose the cedar cliffs, and beyond them again, rolled out vast hills and plains, vast forests spreading out unbrokenly up and down hill and valley, the whole undulating top waved by the wind, looking like the upheaving of a wide sea of foliage. Off towards the West,

> "Crowning a gradual hill"

that ascends from the river, arises Shannon Hall, once the splendid seat of the Fairfaxes, but now passed into other hands.

In the afternoon of the same day, we—the same party—crossed the river in a boat, and ascended the celebrated "Lover's Leap," to

> "View the landscape o'er"

from that point of sight.

It strongly reminded me of Wesley's hymn, from which I have just quoted. Below us indeed rushed and roared among the rocks a "dark and troubled stream," that might have suggested Jordan's, or Death's—beyond it a "peaceful shore," so beautiful, so delightful, that it might have served as an humble, earthly type of Heaven. It was our beautiful Summer home, Shannondale, embraced by its sheltering mountains. We did not talk together much—we were too deeply impressed with the profound beauty of the scene—only Mrs. B—— said, in a low tone, "I wish William H. Gallagher was here!" And we all felt that we wanted the poet, too. We came down, silently crossed the river above the rapids, and reached home in time for tea.

On Wednesday night, we had a very pleasant ball. Many of the county gentry came in, and the dancing was kept up till a very late hour.

It was difficult to leave the saloon with its most fascinating circle this evening, and come up to this solitary cabin to finish a hum-drum letter—but turning from the music and dancing and coming out into the night, one no longer regrets it. It is very beautiful from our cottage door, and from the window at which I sit now. We think the sun-set hour here unsurpassed in glory—until—*the stars come out*. Before us rise the dark mountains, crested with their shadowy and plume-like trees, and reflected deeply, darkly in the river below; and over all arches "The starry Heavens," mirrored also in the clear waters. I came up here intending to give you an account of a fine rowing we had by sun-set and star-light on the Shenandoah, but I am already at the end of my sheet—so wishing very much to see you at Shannondale, I bid you good-night for the present.

EDEN.

PRAIRIE GOSSIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUNT ALICE.

Prairieville is improving fast, too fast, for the pen of a "Gossip" to keep up with it. Time was, when a sheet of foolscap would hold the [illegible] of a month, but now a whole quire would not hold them. We are about starting a paper, to be called "The Rattlesnake," the editor arrived in town last night, and he has already called on me, and implored my services; of course he can have them by sending me his paper regularly, the only terms on which I write; and getting my articles *occasionally*. I do hope you will take "The Rattlesnake," it is to be a paper of "standing worth," neutral in politics, sound in principle, and as fresh and green as our prairie. (Our editor's name is Green.) You see I am the "rattle" to give warning of its approach. You shall have some extracts from it soon, to give you some idea of its merits. Yes, we can hold up our heads now with the rest of the world—for, have we not an editor? and have we not seen a real, live Bloomer? Where should they Bloom, if not here, where all is Blooming? But let me tell you all about it—just at sun-down, one evening last week, a group of young men were standing about the store door, laughing and talking, when suddenly one of them raised his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, in a whisper—"Look! look! a Bloomer, as I live!" In an instant all were silent, and every eye turned to see this new wonder; I will not say whether they turned pale or red, when they beheld, but a few yards distant, walking slowly towards them, a tall man in a suit of black, with a small creature hanging on his arm, dressed in the very extreme of Bloomer, Turkish, or Camille style. The little feet were encased in patent leather gaiters, full white trousers were buttoned tightly about the ankle, a dark blue worsted sacque, reaching only *half* way to the knees, was confined at the waist by a long crimson sash, a neat straw hat set jauntily on the head, and short, dark curls clustered around the forehead and on the neck. It was really quite a bewitching little figure, and our young men held their breath as it approached, half hoping, half fearing, that it was coming right amongst them; but before it came near enough for them to distinguish the features, the Bloomer and her companion turned, and walked out on the prairie, where a boy stood, holding a couple of horses, "all saddled, all bridled, all ready for *flight*." Here they paused, the gent drew out his cigar-case, and lighting two with a match, passed one to the Bloomer, which she seemed to smoke with a relish. The boys at the corner could see all this, and yet they never uttered a word, they were thunder-struck—what next?—would she ride?—there was no side-saddle. Look, the "man in black" is down on one knee, the sprightly Bloomer places one hand on his shoulder, one foot in his hand, and mounts,—but where is the other foot? Why, on t'other side of the horse!—can it be? Yes, they have come on the full canter, the lady bends her heads until it almost touches her horse's mane; gaze as they will, the boys cannot see her face, but her companion looks bold, and grim, as if he would fight to the last for the "rights of women." So the young men do not even smile until the equestrians are more than a square off; then, some one ventured to say,—"Three cheers for the Bloomer," and such a shout as rent the air; it reached the ears of the Bloomer and her companion, they instantly turned, and came back at a furious rate. Arrived at the corner, the Bloomer sprung from her horse, right into the midst of the boys, and such a scattering was never seen, some tried to enter the store door, but it was locked; others made for the open prairie, and the Bloomer was using her riding-whip with a vengeance across the eyes of all she could reach. The "man in black" still kept his seat, and held the lady's horse, a grim smile was visible through his bushy whiskers, but not a word said he. The little Bloomer was gaining the battle fast, only three of the boys remained, when she lost her hat in making a high jump at a pair of wicked eyes, and with the hat came the curls, and in their place remained a head of stiff white hair. Tom Carter, Tom Carter, was now the cry; and sure enough it was that mischievous varlet, the very roughest, homeliest boy in Prairieville, and the "man in black" was a new stage driver, with a suit of borrowed clothes on. How "distance lends enchantment to the view." But a moment ago, and all were ready to exclaim—what beauty! what grace! who can that sylph be? what a noble man by her side! And now where is the beauty? where the grace? Little Tom Carter, with his freckled face, and a huge stage-driver, with false whiskers, is all we can see! Another shout went up, and three cheers were given to Tom, for the amusement he had afforded them. An article on the new costume is being written for "The Rattlesnake," recommending all plain ladies to adopt it if they wish to create a sensation. Old Mrs. Eads says she "knows her folks is a wearing of it way back yander." Wonder if they be?

THE TEETH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors:—Not long since we noticed in your paper an article recommending the use of soap as a dentifrice for the preservation of the teeth.

In your paper of June 28th, is another article headed—"Teeth Set on Edge." In the article last referred to, you state that—"all acid foods, drinks, medicines, and tooth-washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth."

Now, then, what do you call soap? Is it not potash? Or, is not potash the base or body of soap? If so—is not potash an acid of the worst kind? Most assuredly it is; and of course we must come to the conclusion that soap is decidedly injurious to the teeth.

Allow us the liberty (as an old subscriber to your widely extended paper, and as one who knows practically the nature of teeth, their composition, etc.,) of saying, without flattering you in the least, that the short essay, headed—"Teeth Set on Edge," in the Saturday Evening Post of June 28th, was the best one of the kind we ever saw, condensed in so many words, before.*

It has always been our opinion that acids, in any shape or form, are decidedly injurious to the teeth. There are a great many articles in daily use, both as food and dentrifices, that might or should be dispensed with; we will mention but two, because they are very injurious, and very common. The first is smoked meats: ham, smoked beef and fish, bacon, &c., &c. All smoked meats, no matter what kind, contain a certain quantity of creosote, which, of course, is the worst thing that ever entered the mouth of man or woman.

The other article is pulverized charcoal; it has been, and still is used, very extensively; how it ever got into sensible people's heads to use this abominable, filthy, gritty substance, is what puzzles us, unless it is its cheapness. *If* you will use charcoal, use it in the solid lump, whirl it about your mouth for an hour or so, and then repeat with a fresh lump, say a piece the size of a shell-bark, or the size of a piece of chalk, immaterial. Charcoal, in a solid form, is beneficial to the teeth; the carbon in it disengages the acid that collects around the tooth, purifies the breath, and leaves the mouth cool and healthy.

Here is a recipe for a dentifrice free from any injurious qualities, which we can recommend to the world. If you think it worthy of a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert it; and we shall consider ourselves amply paid for our trouble, if only one person out of your thousands of readers should save their teeth to a good old age by its use.

Take of Prepared Chalk,	1lb.
Arrow Root,	¼lb.
Ground Rhatany Bark,	¼lb.
Yellow Peruvian Bark,	2oz.
Scent with Ess. Wintergreen.	

Mix well, in a close mortar; a wedge-wood mortar is preferable. Stir well, with the pestle, until all the white streaks have disappeared. Use the powder freely every other day, with a good brush, and rinse out your mouth with your fingers with pure cold water after every meal, and we will insure your teeth free gratis for nothing.

W. P. H.

West Creek, Ocean Co., N. C.

[* We are sorry we are not entitled to the above compliment—the article referred to, was a *selected* one. We may add that Potash is an alkali.—Ed. Post.]

☞ Sister Nelly, when we were little *tots* playing together, threw down her doll in a pet, saying, "I don't want a rag baby; I'd rather have a meat baby."

☞ A few days ago, a bird's nest was discovered in a apple tree at Stirrup, made from three ladies' collars, which had been missed from an adjoining hedge five weeks previously.—*English paper.*

☞ The highest number of persons visiting the Great Exhibition in London in one day, was sixty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-five, exclusive of season tickets.

☞ The Model Husband.—Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough, and she looks at Mr. Smith with a sweet smile and offers to help him, (at the same time *kicking him gently* with her slipper under the table,) he always replies, "No, I thank you, my dear, they don't agree with me."

Foreign Items.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill has passed the House of Commons by 263 to 46—the Irish members withdrew before the vote. In consequence of their withdrawal, Sir [illegible] Thesiger introduced two amendments, making the bill more stringent, extending the penalty of £100 to the granting, publishing and putting in use of Bulls, Rescripts, &c., and permitting private parties to prosecute, with the consent of the Attorney General, which the Government ineffectually opposed. The carrying of these amendments, in spite of the Government, was attributed by Lord John Russell, to the two withdrawals of the Irish members.

The Pope, the European Times says, has issued an appeal to the Italians for subscriptions to build a Cathedral in London, "where the Church will be governed by a congregation of Italian secular Priests founded at Rome, that the Roman spirit may influence the same." This fresh document, which is couched in language highly offensive to all Protestants, is published at the printing press of the Royal Apostolic Chamber at Rome, and the Archbishop of Florence has issued a similar appeal.

Engines are being constructed at Liverpool to run the express trains between London and Birmingham, a distance of one hundred and two miles, in *two hours and-a-half*.

The Jews Emancipation Bill was passed in the House of Commons without a division. It is thought it will be defeated in the other branch.

The census tables of Ireland are published, and the decrease of the whole thirty-one counties, since 1841, is *one million seven hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred and sixteen persons*.

The weather in Paris has been excessively hot. At the review in the Camp De Mars, eight soldiers died in consequence of the heat.

In the French Assembly, an amendment allowing to women the right of petition, was proposed by M. Chapot, to a Bill for the regulation of the general right of petition, and to the astonishment of all present it was adopted. It caused the loss of the Bill when the question upon the passage was taken.

The President, arriving at Chatellerault, July 2nd, was received by the National Guard, who instantly shouted Vive la Republique—in which the inhabitants joined, and continued until the President had reached the Hotel De Ville, where it assumed the character of serious hostility, and became Down with Napoleon. The disturbance was quelled by the police.

The electoral decree in Portugal has been officially promulgated. Its liberal provisions appear to have given general satisfaction.

The Exeter News-Letter learns by private letters received in that town from Constantinople, that Kossuth has recently stated to a gentleman commissioned to visit him at Kutahia, the place of his confinement in Turkey, and inform him of the offer of his Government to furnish him a free passage to and an asylum in the United States, *that he has finally resolved to remain in Europe*, although he expresses his gratitude to this Government in the warmest terms for the interest which it has taken in his fate.

There are still rumors of increasing difficulties between the Porte and the Pasha of Egypt. The Russians have again been worsted by their implacable enemies the Circassians. The proceedings respecting the fate of Kossuth, are all concealed in the strictest diplomatic obscurity.

Clippings.

☞ Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

☞ If you would make a friend of a man, don't talk, but listen. By not replying to him, you seem to say that he is unanswerable. Correcting a person's errors may add to another man's wisdom, but it don't speak much for yours. We once made an enemy of an old friend by just telling him that weathercocks couldn't crow.

☞ He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

☞ If you get in a passion, always go home and give your wife and family the benefit of it. Punching your hat is a good outlet for indignation, but it don't begin with licking the children, or upsetting the kitchen furniture. Try it on.

☞ A Delicious Dizziness.—This is the feeling that Miss Fantadling says she experienced the first time she stood upon a precipice, and leaned over the dark blue sleeve which belonged to a military coat.

☞ A gentleman in New York lately received a letter from an officer of the Customs at Gravelines, in Belgium, which closes by observing that there is no person in Gravelines or its neighborhood, who understands the American language, for which reason he begs as a particular favor that the answer he shall receive may be translated either into French or English.

☞ The Tragedy near Lynchburg.—The Lynchburg Virginian says:—Our information from Nelson C. H., with regard to Williams and Hill, is, that the former is entirely out of danger, and the latter improving, with a fair prospect of recovery.

☞ If your purse does not allow you to buy books, read men, study women, and take lessons from children—without musical instruments, you may play upon the people—if you are lame, you may still run for Congress—without teeth, you can backbite your neighbors—although totally blind, you can perhaps see as far into a millstone as other people—although as deaf as a post, you will probably know as much of last Sunday's sermon a week hence, as the rest of the congregation.

☞ What's in the Wind.—It is stated that a body of about seventy Hungarians have left New York within a few days for the South, in quest of military service.

☞ The London Literary Gazette says:—"The handsomest and most popular carriages in Paris, are now founded on American models, and called *Americaines*."

☞ A gentleman paid his attention to a lady, who was inclined in favor of a Mr. Psalter; her partiality being very evident, the former took occasion to ask, in a room full of company—"Pray, Miss, how far have you got in your Psalter?" The lady archly replied, "As far as 'Blessed is the man!'"

☞ After a recent destructive hail-storm, in Kittery and York, Maine, which even killed chickens and turkeys, a piece of ice was picked up in Kittery measuring two feet square and two inches in thickness.

☞ Nothing strikes an American in London, with more astonishment, than the antiquated style, cumbersome weight, and tawdry finish of the private coaches there. A yellow body, with red wheels is considered the perfection of taste in an English chariot; and with such flaring affairs the highest nobility roll through the streets, drive around Hyde Park, or crowd to her Majesty's levees.

☞ The Height of Impudence.—A young spark who boarded at one of the principal San Francisco hotels, managed for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became quite impatient, and stepped up to the juvenile boarder, slapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money. "I have not a red cent about me at present," was the laconic reply. "But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I cannot afford to keep a boarding-house without being paid." "Well," exclaimed our young philosopher, "if you cannot afford it, sell out to some one that can!"

☞ An exchange finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a graveyard can there be for a dead language?

☞ A young lady appeared at the Oshkosh Ball, on the 4th inst., in a white dress, with short skirt and pants. The gentlemen admired her much, but several of the ladies said that it was immodest. She turned to some of them, whose dresses "were *indefinitely* low in the neck," and quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about their necks, their skirts would be short as her own. They turned away.

Prudence in Verbosity.—The Boston Post has an illustration of the fact that there is prudence if not wit in verbosity:

Pithy remarks are almost always exaggerations, at least in the words, and when they treat of delicate matters, are very apt to be dangerous to the speaker, especially when he happens to be a man of prominent character or position.—Cautious diplomacy is notoriously verbose. To *hide* one's exact meaning, or indeed, to *express* one's opinions with accuracy, is quite certain to demand many words. A fondness for brevity of speech (a commendable thing in itself) has occasioned many a man to use terms which his enemies could abuse. The political axiom, that "to the victors belong the spoils," is a case in point. A story is told of a talk between Governor Marcy and his friend Talmadge, about the authorship of this saying. Marcy denied that the words were his, but said—"Suppose I *did* say so, Talmadge—I warrant you have often said the same thing!" "*Not so briefly*," replied Talmadge—"not so briefly—it wouldn't do, Marcy. I have said this for example—that a party in power ought to favor its political friends, rather than its political opponents, in the distribution of offices—but I should never have ventured to state the sentiment with the brevity of an epigram."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, July 19, 1851.

REMARKS.—There are but few changes to notice in the market since our last report. Business of all descriptions is dull and inactive. The late foreign news is unfavorable for Breadstuffs and Cotton, and has somewhat depressed the market for these staples, but otherwise they have had no effect. In Flour and Grain the transactions have been on a very restricted scale. Groceries and Provisions continue to attract but little attention. There is no change to notice in the Stock market. The active demand for Money which we have noticed in our former reports continues unabated, and the Banks have not only an abundance of applications for discounts, but capitalists find full employment for their funds. In Exchange there is but a moderate business doing; we quote Sterling Bills at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been limited; there has been very little export demand, and only 3a4,000 bbls standard and good brands sold at $4,18¾a4,25, and select brands of fresh ground at $4,31¼a4,37½ per bbl; the sales for city consumption are limited within the range of $4,25a4,75 for common and extra brands, and $4,87½a5,75 for fancy New York. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are but little inquired after; small sales of the former at $3,31¼, and 2,000 bbls of the latter at $2,75 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 17th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	12,819
do.	half bbls	72
Rye Flour,	bbls	319
Corn Meal,	bbls	1,626

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been to a fair extent, but the demand is limited. Sales of 14a15,000 bushels ordinary and prime white at 99 cts a $1,01, including a fancy lot of new Virginia at $1.10 and red at 90a94c per bushel, the latter price for a lot of prime new Delaware. Rye has been in demand for distilling, and 1,500 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 73c. Corn has been in good demand for shipment, and prices are steady. Sales of 38,000 bushels yellow at 6[illegible] afloat, including some damaged at 50c. In Oats no change. 5,000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 40a42c, and 6,000 bushels Delaware at 40 cts per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is dull, and not inquired after. We quote Mess at $15a15,25, and Prime at $12,50a13,50 per bbl. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores at $12a12,50. Bacon has been rather more inquired after, but prices are unchanged. Sales of Hams at 9a11 cts, as in quality; Sides 9a9½, and 400 casks Shoulders at 7a7½c per lb. Lard is inactive; we quote bbls at 9a9½, and kegs at 10¼a10½c per lb. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—The market continues very quiet. Supplies of foreign Goods continue to arrive freely, and preparations are making for the Fall trade.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron Bark is limited, and prices have further declined; sales of 50 hhds No 1 at $26, now held firmly at $27 per ton. Some Chesnut Oak Bark sold at $10,75 per cord.

BEESWAX.—Is in fair request; sales of 2,000 lbs good yellow at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Demand limited; small sales of Sperm at 42a43, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL.—There is no new feature to present in the market; there is a good demand for shipment, and prices are well maintained. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 16c per bushel.

COFFEE.—The market has been very quiet, and the sales only comprise 8a900 bags Laguayra at 9½a9¾, and Rio at 8¼a9¼c per lb on time.

COPPER.—Is dull; small sales of Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 16½c per lb 6 mos.

COTTON.—The market has been exceedingly dull and inactive during the past week in consequence of the unfavorable advices from Europe, and prices are entirely unsettled; the sales comprise 7a800 bales Upland and New Orleans, but principally of the latter description at 8½a10½c per lb on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1850-51.	'49-50.	'50-51.	'49-50.
N. Orl'ns, bales	935,157	779,775	82,352	92,517
Mobile	427,757	339,175	61,506	44,280
Savannah	296,829	301,096	7,356	26,498
Charleston	367,436	344,912	26,630	42,516
Florida	175,939	173,033	16,261	20,179
Texas	30,391	29,413	2,345	1,833
Virginia	19,944	8,969	1,980	750
N. Carolina	12,309	9,379		
Other Places	—	—	52,159	102,973
Total	2,273,545	1,985,891	252,233	330,047

The receipts at the different shipping ports to the latest dates show the following results:

Increase—New Orleans, bales,	155,400	
Mobile,	88,582	
Charleston,	22,524	
Texas,	978	
Florida,	2,885	
Virginia,	10,975	
North Carolina,	2,930	—302,725
Decrease—Savannah,		14,471
Total increase this season,		287,254

DRUGS AND DYES.—But little doing; small sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½, Sal Soda at 1¼, and Cream Tartar at 17½c per lb.

FEATHERS.—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 36a37c per lb, cash.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the sales are confined to small lots from store at $8,50a9 per bbl for No 1, $7,50a8 for No 2, and $5,25 for No 3.

FRUIT.—Oranges and Lemons are scarce; sales of the latter at $5a6 per box, as in quality, and Pine Apples at $4a9 per 100. In Dried Apples and Peaches nothing doing.

GINSENG.—But little offering. We quote Crude at 40c per lb, cash.

GUANO.—Is in limited request at former rates.

HEMP.—The market is quiet; sales of 145 bales Dew Rotted at $110 per ton, on the usual time.

HIDES.—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS.—Are scarce; small sales of favorite sort at 70c per lb.

INDIGO.—The market is firm, and the stock small; a sale of Bengal at $1,35 per lb.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, but prices are unchanged; sales of 3a400 tons Anthracite in lots at $21 per ton for No 1, and $20 for No 2. A sale of Scotch Pig at $19,50, 6 mos. In Manufactured Iron no change.

LEAD.—The market has been very quiet; sales of 2,500 pigs Galena at $4,87½ per 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER.—There is a good demand for all kinds at steady prices. The stock of Slaughter Leather is about exhausted.

LUMBER.—Prices are steady, with a moderate demand; sales of 300,000 Laths at $1,55a1,60; some Pickets at $5,50a6 per M.

There was shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 12th inst. Feet 1,313,105
Previously, 16,304,870
Total, 17,717,985

MOLASSES.—The market remains inactive, but prices are unchanged; sales of 100 hhds inferior and good Trinidad at 20½a23, and some good Cuba at 21 cts on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Sales of 700 bbls common Rosin at $1,30a1,35 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 36a38 cts per gallon.

OILS.—Fish Oils are in moderate demand at steady prices. A small sale of Winter Lard Oil at 75c. Linseed Oil is exceedingly dull; and sells only in small lots at 73a74c.

PLASTER.—There has been no arrivals or sales.

RICE.—There has been an increased demand and prices are fair; sales of 300 casks in lots, part from landing, at $3,31¼a3,50, cash and on time.

SALT.—Prices are steady, but no further sales have been reported. An import of Ashton's Fine remains unsold.

SEEDS.—Prices of Cloverseed have further advanced, and small sales are making at $4,25a4,50 per 64 lbs. In Timothy and Flaxseed but little doing. The latter is taken on arrival at $1,50a1,55 per bushel.

SPICES.—The market has been quiet, and the sales are unimportant.

SPIRITS.—A cargo of Brandy has arrived since our last, which is now landing; small sales of Bordeaux at $1,10a1,15; Rochelle $1,30a1,35, and old Cognac at $2a3. N. E. Rum sells at 28 cts in small lots. Whiskey is steady; sales of 900 bbls at 23½, and hhds at 23¼a23c.

SUGAR.—The market continues inactive, and prices are rather in favor of buyers. The sales only amount to 400 hhds New Orleans, Cuba, and Porto Rico at 5¼a6¾c per lb on time, and 500 boxes Havana at about 6¼c.

TALLOW.—Is in steady demand at former rates.

TEAS.—The demand for all descriptions continue limited, without change in prices.

TOBACCO.—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been limited, without change in prices.

WINES.—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL.—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants, but holders are firm in their demand; sales of 40,000 lbs within the range of 37½a50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are dull; we quote Flour 1s 6d per bbl; Grain 6d per bushel, and Heavy Goods 30a35s per ton. Colliers are in steady demand at $1,65a1,70 to Boston, $1,25 to Rhode Island, and 90a95c to New York.—*Inquirer.*

☞ The proper authorities of Maine are engaged in knocking out the heads of casks of liquor, letting the contents run into the gutters, and carefully returning the empty barrels to the owners, to be put to better uses.

☞ At a recent concert of Jenny Lind in Utica, an announcement was made that a limited number of persons would be accommodated at a dollar a head with "places in the yard of the Bleeker Street House, a favorable location for hearing." This goes ahead of Barnum.

☞ Recently the British Government has decided to have a line of steamers to the East Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope, which, together with the proposed American line across the Pacific, will complete the steam circle around the globe.

☞ Why is a sailor like a tailor? Because he follows the needle.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets, stories, &c., from the pens of other well-known writers. We have a series of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRISH MAID, by T. S. Arthur.

THE BRIDE OF THE [illegible], by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

LECTURES ON INDIA, by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by elegant Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various races of people whose peculiar manners, habits, and superstitions, he describes.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have two weeks later intelligence from California, being to the 14th ult. The Brother Jonathan brings $465,000 in the hands of the passengers, and 239 passengers. The Crescent City brings over a million, and a million and a half is said to be on its way in the California.

The news is not of startling interest. Business continues dull, and the market is represented as glutted with every variety of goods, which are still selling at extremely low prices. The miners are doing tolerably well.

A Sydney convict, who gave his name as John Jenkins, was detected in San Francisco on the night of the 10th June, in attempting to steal a small safe from a house on Long Wharf. He was pursued to the bay, when, finding he must be taken, he threw his booty overboard, which was afterwards recovered. He was arrested at once, and taken to a house at the corner of Bush and Sansome Streets, where he was tried by a self constituted committee, convicted, and sentenced to be hung; which sentence was carried into execution within two hours after the decision was promulgated. The police made every effort for his rescue, but without avail. The poor wretch seems to have been so hardened by crime, that the preparations for his sudden and violent death, made no impression upon him. Even while the fatal noose was being prepared, he continued to smoke a segar, for which he had called, and throughout, seemed less concerned at his condition than were those at whose hands he had suffered the severe penalty of his crimes. This is the first execution which ever took place in San Francisco.

The Vigilance Committee who tried the culprit, and avowed their responsibility for the consequences, was composed of about one hundred individuals, many of whom are among the first citizens of San Francisco. Among those who figured on the occasion were Col. Stevenson, Samuel Brannan Argenti, the banker, and others whose names are familiar to readers of the California papers. A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Jenkins, when the jury rendered the following verdict:—

"We, the Jurors of a Jury of Inquest, empannelled by the Coroner of the County of San Francisco, to inquire into the death of one John Jenkins, *alias* Simpton, do find upon their oaths that the said Jenkins, *alias* Simpton, came to his death on the morning of the 11th June, between the hours of two and three o'clock, by violent means, by strangulation, caused by being suspended by the neck with a rope attached to the end of the adobe buildings on the Plaza, at the hands of, and in pursuance of a preconcerted action on the part of an association of citizens, styling themselves a Committee of Vigilance, of whom the following members are implicated by direct testimony, to wit: Captain Edgar Wakeman, Wm. H. Jones, James C. Ward, Edward A. King, T. K. Batelle, Benjamin Reynolds, J. S. Eagan, J. C. Derby, and Samuel Brannan—and the following members, by their voluntary avowal of participation in the act—(Here follows a list of the members of the Vigilance Committee.) A unanimous verdict.

"T. M. LEAVENSWORTH, Foreman."

The Vigilance Committee, in a card to which all sign their names, condemn the "invidious selection of a few names" by the Jury, and declare that the evidence is against all of them as distinctly as against those named in the verdict.

Immense excitement prevailed at San Francisco when the steamer sailed, and immense gatherings had been held on the Plaza, participated in by both those in favor and against the hanging. There was much feeling manifested towards the "Inquisition," as it is termed, which, like that of the Eternal City, before the abdication of the Pope, was conducted with great secrecy, far more than might have been anticipated from the numbers embraced. No arrests have been made for the hanging, though the principal actors in the solemn tragedy are well known, and are even named in the verdict of the Coroner's Jury.

ESCAPE OF ONE OF THE IRISH EXILES.—Terrence Bellew McManus, one of the Irish exiles, arrived in San Francisco on the 5th of June, having made his escape from Launceston, Australia, and been carried away on board of a British barque. His arrival at San Francisco was celebrated by a public dinner, at which the Mayor presided, and which was attended by the Senators, Representatives, and many of the most distinguished men of the State. McManus looks in capital health and spirits. About the time of his escape, a like attempt was made by Smith O'Brien, O'Donoghue and O'Dougherty.

The sum of £600 had been put in the hands of an Englishman named Ellis, to purchase a brig, which was done, and after lading and clearing at the Custom House, a concerted signal was to be given by the exiles, on the beach, when a boat was to be sent on shore from the brig. The villain, however, had informed the Government Officers of the project during the day, and as soon as the signal was given for the boat, the exiles were secured by the officers and carried back. The barque immediately sailed for this port, and arrived on the same day that McManus entered the Golden Gate a free man.

H. P. Watkins, Whig, has been elected Recorder of Marysville, by a majority of 382 over Charles Ellet, his Democratic competitor.

The Marysville Herald learns from a gentleman, Mr. Menrice, who has just returned from a prospecting tour of some two weeks, through the Northern mines, that at the head of Poor Man's Creek, some new and very valuable discoveries have been made, and that on Nelson's Creek the miners were doing tolerably well. Near and about the Spanish Rancho, also, some beautiful specimens had been taken out, and the miners were there making one ounce a day, and that a great many were out prospecting.

At Smith's Bar, on account of the water, they are not doing much; but at Rich Bar, numbers of miners are at work quite profitably, and the claims are all paying well. The snow is melting very fast at the head waters of Feather River; and from what could be ascertained from the appearance of the snow, the waters will be lower than they have been for some time. Through the entire mines, merchandise is abundant, and goods of every description are low.

The Ophir diggings are paying about one ounce to the hand per day. Gambling is decidedly on the decrease; the miners are now economizing, and turning their thoughts towards home, instead of "bucking against the bank."

Five men were drowned in San Pablo Bay, on the 28th of May. Their names and former residences were as follows: Dr. Reuben Knox, of St. Louis; John Allen, of Burlington, Vt.; James F. Graham, of North Carolina, nephew of the Hon. William Graham, Secretary of the Navy; a Mr. Davis, of Maine, and an Indian boy.

The Indians have been troublesome in the Southern section of the State. A company of white men, under a Captain Irving, are reported to have committed many outrages upon the inhabitants of Los Angeles valley. The citizens volunteered and went in pursuit. But the last accounts received is, that the Indians of a certain mission had destroyed Capt. Irving and his 11 men.

Gen. Morehead's expedition, reduced to 45 men, left San Diego on the 11th ult. His destination is unknown.

Several escapes of prisoners from the City Hall Station House in San Francisco have taken place, giving strong cause of suspicion that some of the police were associated with them, and aided their departure.

The Council have at length passed, and the Mayor has signed, an ordinance granting to Azro D. Merrifield the right of laying pipes through the streets, for the purpose of introducing water into the city from Mountain Lake.

Seven men were drowned at Park's Bar last week. Their names are J. Stall, H. Modesburgh, Charles Cox, Mr. Hodge, Samuel Miller, Jorigne, a Frenchman, and Vincent, also French.

The attempts to burn the city have been too numerous to recapitulate, too bold and malignant to allow any other interpretation than a determined plan to burn the city. But our citizens are vigilant, and wo be to him who is caught in the commission of the crime.

Large meetings have been held each day since the execution of Jenkins, upon the Plaza; but they resulted in nothing.

Reports from the placers and quartz mines are generally favorable. But they should always be received with several grains of allowance. Rumor lives in the family of the gold seekers.

Agricultural prospects are very good. Politics are rather at a lull in the State, but it is a kind of ominous stillness preluding the onset of two armies. The two parties have generally organized in the different counties.

IRON.—The Pittsburg Gazette says that many of the furnaces up the Allegheny are now out of blast, and those yet in blast are in a very depressed condition. The prices of pig metal are too low to save the proprietors from actual loss.

POLITICAL NEWS.

GENERAL SCOTT UPON SLAVERY.—A letter from General Scott to T. P. Atkinson, Esq., of Danville, Virginia, on the subject of slavery, dated Washington, Feb. 9th, 1843, has lately come to light and is going the rounds of the press. We give the pith of it in the following extract:—

In boyhood, at William and Mary College, and in common with most, if not all, my companions, I became deeply impressed with the views given by Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," and by Judge Tucker, in the Appendix to his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, in favor of a gradual emancipation of slaves. That Appendix I have not seen in thirty odd years, and, in the same period, have read scarcely anything on the subject; but my early impressions are fresh and unchanged. Hence, if I had had the honor of a seat in the Virginia Legislature in the Winter of 1831–32, when a Bill was brought forward to carry out those views, I should certainly have given it my hearty support.

I suppose I need scarcely say that, in my opinion, Congress has no color of authority under the Constitution, for touching the relation of master and slave within a State.

I hold the opposite opinion in respect to the District of Columbia. Here, with the consent of the owners, or on the payment of "just compensation," Congress may legislate at its discretion. But my conviction is equally strong that, unless it be step by step with the Legislatures of Virginia and Maryland, it would be dangerous to both races in those States, to touch the relation between master and slave in this district.

I have from the first been of opinion that Congress was bound by the Constitution to receive, to refer, and to report upon petitions relating to domestic slavery as in the case of all other petitions; but I have not failed to see and to regret the unavoidable irritation which the former have produced in the Southern States, with the consequent peril to the two colors, whereby the adoption of any plan of emancipation has everywhere among us been greatly retarded.

I own, myself, no slave; but never have attached blame to masters for not liberating their slaves—knowing that liberation without the means of sending them in comfort to some position favorable to "the pursuit of happiness," would, in most cases, be highly injurious to all around, as well as to the manumitted families themselves—unless the operation were general and under the auspices of prudent legislation. But I am persuaded that it is a high moral obligation of masters and slaveholding States to employ all means, not incompatible with the safety of both colors, to meliorate slavery even to extermination.

It is gratifying to know that general melioration has been great, and is still progressive, notwithstanding the disturbing causes alluded to above. The more direct process of emancipation may, no doubt, be earlier commenced and quickened in some communities than in others. Each, I do not question, has the right to judge for itself, both as to time and means, and I consider interference or aid from without, except on invitation from authority within, to be as hurtful to the sure progress of melioration, as it may be fatal to the lives of vast multitudes of all ages, sexes and colors.

We also see it stated, we know not upon how good authority, that General Scott was in Washington during the passage of the Adjustment Measures, and exerted his influence in their support, particularly of the Fugitive Slave Law.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—Elections will take place in the States of Kentucky, Indiana, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, on the 4th of August, and in North Carolina and Tennessee on the 7th of August.

FOUND GUILTY.—Brevet Brigadier General George Talcott, of the Ordnance Department, has been found guilty of violation of the rules of the service, respecting the purchase of military stores, and has been dismissed from the Army.

SECESSION.—The discussion at Barnwell, S. C., on the 4th inst., between the friends and opponents of secession, was largely attended, and at the close not a dozen were found in favor of seceding. There were several speakers on both sides.

The speech of the Hon. William F. Colcock, delivered before the Convention of Southern Rights Associations in Charleston, on the 7th of May last, is published in the papers of that city of the 1st inst. Mr. Colcock does not hesitate to declare that unless South Carolina secedes *now*, the opportunity will be *forever lost!* He says emphatically, that no further aggressions will be made on the South in our time, and that it is folly for any State or any party to wait for further encroachments on the part of the General Government. He therefore urges South Carolina to act now, or forever after *hold her peace*.—Acquiescence now he declares to be equivalent to *submission* for all time. He despairs of any co-operation on the part of the other Southern States, but thinks they will fly to the rescue if South Carolina is assailed.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.—The following is a good illustration of how party nominations, on *both* sides, are often made:

"Pursuant to call," a meeting took place a few days since at Salem, Mass., the object of which was to elect delegates to the Democratic State Convention. The meeting consisted of *twelve* persons, who proceeded to business with characteristic independence, and appointed *thirteen* delegates to the Convention referred to above.

GREAT STATES BECOMING SMALL ONES.—The following is an extract from Sir Henry Bulwer's speech at Capon Springs:

"*I* do not, however, agree with some preceding speakers, that it is altogether unnatural or uncommon to find in great Southern States men who speak with indifference of the possibility of those great States becoming small ones. [Sensation.] There are such men in my own country, and I am not astonished at it. If you want to know the value of health, you must not expect to ascertain it from inquiry of the strong and robust. It is the invalid who will tell it to you; and thus it is with nations. If you wish to learn the value of a national power and a national greatness, you must ask the question of the Pole, the Venetian, the Genoese—of the people who, owing to their divisions and their weakness, have lost a national existence; or you must direct your inquiry to the people of those small States in Europe or America, which still exist, but while they enjoy the name of independence, are alternately under the dictatorship of domestic factions or foreign force. [Applause.] Honor, then, to the man who collects from the aggregate wisdom of a great community a sufficient moral power to assuage local passions, and keep within appropriate limits party discontents." [Applause.]

COLONEL BIGLER ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, in a letter to a Fourth of July celebration at Easton, says:

The fundamental law of our land cannot be sustained in part and abandoned in part, the Constitution must be maintained as a whole, and that it is the clear intention of this instrument, that every fugitive from labor shall be returned to his master, will not be seriously denied. It is then the clear duty of the people of the free States, however repugnant it may be to their inclinations, to maintain and carry out this as fully as any other clear requisition of the Constitution. The present law may answer the constitutional purpose, and with this view its execution should be facilitated rather than embarrassed by those who are charged with the administration of the laws.

OREGON.—The election for a delegate to Congress and Territorial Officers took place on the 2nd inst. As far as heard from, the returns indicate that General Joseph Lane was undoubtedly elected the Congressional delegate.

DESPAIR.—A letter to the Tribune mentions the circumstances of a merchant at San Francisco, who, having been burnt out of all that he owned, by the previous fires of that city, when the flames of the last conflagration surrounded his building, in which he had all he possessed, coolly invited his wife to walk out and see the fire; when they had passed into the street, in a moment of mad frenzy, he drew a revolver, and shot her through the head, and then instantly ended his own life with another shot.

TOBACCO IN NEW YORK.—In Onondaga county, New York, tobacco is said to be cultivated with much success, and has been yielding the very handsome profit of $100 per acre. About a thousand acres are devoted to the culture of the plant, and the present crop is described as being remarkably fine. The tobacco lands are, for the most part, located in the towns of Salina, Clay, Manlius, Pompey, Skaneateles and Marcellus.

THE METHODIST PROPERTY SUIT.—The Christian Advocate and Journal states that the negotiations consequent upon the earnest recommendation of the Court, for an amicable settlement of the unfortunate dispute between the two branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have failed, the South making it a prerequisite that the justice of her claim shall be admitted, and the North refusing to make any such acknowledgment.

POSTAGE TO CALIFORNIA.—Different statements are going the rounds of the papers in regard to the rates of postage to California under the new law. The following are the rates now payable upon letters and papers:—Letters, prepaid, 6 cts.; unpaid, 10 cts; transient newspapers, 5 cts. an ounce. The former rates were for letters, 40 cts., and for papers 4 cts. each.

THE MORMONS.—The Beaver Island Mormons, acquitted at Detroit, on the charge of obstructing the mail, still remain under indictment for depredations upon Government lands, and for making counterfeit coin of the United States, upon which indictment they will be tried at the autumn term, and in the meantime the prisoners will be at large upon bail.

AUSTRIAN COMMERCE.—The whole number of vessels—ships, large and small coasting craft, and fishing smacks—employed in the commerce of Austria, is represented to be 6,088, making an aggregate tonnage of 255,583—which is less than is *built* in the United States in a single year.

THE QUEEN AND THE EXHIBITION.

A very capital writer is Mr. Jules Lecomte, of the *Independance Belge*, whose letters from London and Paris occasionally grace the columns of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. He is now at London, doing the Great Exhibition, and recounts, in a pleasant way, a brief exchange of words he had one morning with the Queen. The New York Tribune translates as follows:

One day I went to the Exhibition very early in the morning, to look about freely in the department of machinery, before the arrival of the crowd. I was engaged, in a sort of court, among a variety of hydraulic apparatus, when suddenly the Queen and the Prince came out of the neighboring angle. I was thus unexpectedly face to face with the royal couple, my pencil in hand, taken in the act of foreign observation. The Queen spoke in a low voice to Prince Albert; I looked at her, distrusting nothing, and giving an easy satisfaction to a curiosity which had before had but poor satisfaction. Suddenly a voice said to me,

"Monsieur is French?"
"Yes, Madam."
"Monsieur is taking notes?"
"Yes, Madam."
"For some journal, perhaps?"
"For the *Independance Belge*, your Majesty."

At this declaration, the Queen and the Prince, looking at each other, exchanged a "ho, ho!" after which her Majesty deigned to reply,

"We hope that you will be * * * favorable."

This last word was pronounced with an English accent, which formed a complete contrast with the perfectly French articulation of the rest.

"The best way of being *favorable* is to be *just*," I answered.

The Queen smiled, made a slight bow, Prince Albert raised his hat, and they turned to the exhibitor of the hydraulic machines, who was waiting with a smile on his lips, and an inquiet look.

This is evidently the place for me to draw two portraits. The Queen is small, and her person is rounded for the seventh or eighth time in an interesting manner, as they say here. Probably to this situation is to be attributed the impression she made on me, of being a little older than she really is; for you know Queen Victoria is still what can be called a young woman.—Whether it were the fatigue of the ball, or the result of her interesting (I repeat this word for want of another,) situation, I did not see in her face anything of that type stamped in profile on the national coin, or that represented in the portraits which circulate throughout Europe. The hair of her Majesty is of a soft chestnut; her nose has an imperious curve; her mouth is Austrian, and has a prominent movement of the lower lip, which, in expressing certain impressions, gives the mouth a queer outline.

The toilette of Queen Victoria would have driven a Parisian lady to despair. Her Majesty wore a skirt of transparent muslin, with *volante* over an underskirt of blue silk, a pink mantilla, a blue hat, and straw gloves, badly fitting.—Prince Albert, a very handsome fellow, looking much like the usual portraits, (Princes are always flattered) in circulation, was dressed with more negligence, in a brown frock coat, gray pantaloons and silk cravat. But why that great blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter so early in the morning, and with such a costume?

Col. Sherburne, writing on the 16th of June from London to the New York Sun, says there are more Americans than any other strangers visiting the Exhibition in London at this time.—Visitors from France, Belgium, Holland and Ireland, run over for a day or two and return.—The Emperor of Russia will not permit his subjects to go farther than Ostend, or on a bathing tour on the North Sea, hence, not a Russian face is to be seen in London, although the Emperor has sent some magnificent goods for exhibition.

Quite a rich scene took place last week at the Fair. The Queen gave out on Friday that she would visit the Fair the next morning at nine o'clock, attended by her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, to inspect each department personally, and to receive information from those severally in charge; consequently, there was quite a gathering of nobles and citizens from the West End. After a time, the Queen arrived at the beautiful fancy soap stand from Philadelphia, at each great corner of which, stand in bold relief, the busts of Washington and Taylor, with an inscription on the head of each, viz.: "*This is all solid soap.*"

The Queen seemed to doubt the fact, and suddenly taking a gold pin from her dress, was about testing the truth of it, by running the pin into the head of Washington, when the Philadelphian, seeing her object, placed his hand between the pin and bust, and with gravity and politeness of his body, observed,—"It is the bust of General Washington, your Majesty."—Quick as thought, Prince Albert said, with a smile, to the interested Queen,—"It is only royalty picking at liberty." The next morning an order came from Buckingham Palace for a box of the Philadelphia soap.

Another scene equally as rich happened.—After the Queen and Court had examined the great variety of American *grain*, and expressed her surprise at the corn hanging in clusters from the stalks, the Prince remarked,—"America is indeed a second Egypt; the Land of Promise, that could supply the world with bread." Near the stalk of grain, a Yankee from Connecticut had pitched his stand, exhibiting baskets and boxes of patent boot and shoe *pegs*, appearing, at a little distance, very much like grain. On passing, the Queen inquired what kind of seed it was. [The Queen, by the way, is short-sighted.]

"Seed, marm!?" replied the Connecticut man, "why they are *sole binders*," at the same time lifting his foot to show their use. The Queen kept her gravity as well as she could, but the Prince turned to give vent to a smile, while the Duchess of S——, with the other ladies in waiting, dropped their veils, and placed their handkerchiefs over their faces. The Prince asked how they were made.

"Why, sir," answered Jonathan, "we just throw junks of wood at one end, and the pegs come out at the other so fast as to keep the women folks busy enough. Ah, sir! Connecticut is quite a smart place for such notions."

The Queen and Court also visited "The New York Sun;" the Sun and Tribune are neatly encased in glass, standing on a pedestal.—Under the "Sun" is printed, in broad characters.—"*Only one half-penny for this paper—20,000 struck off in an hour.*" The Queen remarked: "Cheap reading in the United States." The Prince replied: "They have no Stamp Act." The party also inspected the specimens of book-binding, and other American contributions, expressing themselves highly gratified with them all.

NEW MEXICO.—Governor Calhoun, of New Mexico, delivered his first message to the Legislature, which convened at Santa Fe, on the 2nd ult. It is brief, and confined to the affairs of the territory. We quote the following passages relative to peons and free negroes. He says:

The relations between masters and peons should be distinctly defined, and each should understand their respective obligations, and appropriate remedies for a violation of them, upon the part of either, should be provided.

Free negroes are regarded as nuisances in every State and Territory in the Union, and where they are tolerated society is most degraded. I trust the Legislature will pass a law that will prevent their entrance into this Territory. The disgusting degradation to which society is subjected by their presence, is obvious to all, and demands a prohibitory act of the severest character.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.—The colored people in the vicinity of Baltimore, are reported to have changed their views and inclinations relative to emigrating to the Maryland colonies in Africa. Even those who were formerly most prejudiced against removal, are resolved now to go with their families, and the opinion is expressed that in a few years more every free person of color within the State will be disposed to seek a home at Cape Palmas, or Liberia, where all civil and religious rights will be guaranteed to them. The Baltimore Sun states that a very large number of the free people of color are preparing at this time to emigrate to the African colonies from the neighborhood of that city.

PRESENT TO MRS. CALHOUN.—Mrs. Calhoun, widow of the late John C. Calhoun, has received and accepted a present of a check for £30,000, which sum a number of the friends of her deceased husband had collected at the time of his death, and which they had intended to increase to $50,000, had he lived, to enable him to visit Europe for the benefit of his health. Before his death, however, he refused to accept of the generous offer, as also subsequently did his four sons, to whom it was tendered for the benefit of his estate, which alone is valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while his debts amounted to only twenty-five thousand dollars.

THE THREE CENT PIECES.—In a letter from William L. Hodge, Esq., Acting Secretary of the Treasury, to the Postmaster General, published in the Washington Republic, it is stated, that an arrangement has been made with Messrs. Adams & Co., by which Postmasters are to be supplied with three cent pieces on remitting the amount to the United States Mint, at Philadelphia, which they may require within reasonable limits; and that such other arrangements are made and will be made for the distribution of this coin as will conduce to the public convenience.

STATE FAIRS.—The Pennsylvania State Fair takes place at Harrisburg, in October; Ohio, Chillicothe, September; Michigan, Detroit, September; Georgia, Macon, October 1; and New York, Rochester, September 16—19. County Agricultural Societies are being formed throughout the North-West.

THE ALLEGED FRAUDS.—The Grand Jury of Washington, have found a true bill for perjury against Dr. George A. Gardiner and John E. Gardiner, relative to the Mexican claim, about which so much has been said recently. It is stated that bench warrants have been issued for their arrest.

MR. GIDDINGS.—At an Anti-Slavery meeting held in Geauga county, Ohio, on the 4th inst., Mr. Giddings was present, and publicly announced that he had withdrawn from the N. S. Presbyterian church on account of Slavery.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

In the Dublin Court, on Saturday, a case of this description was heard, in which Miss Sarah Jane Nowlan, daughter of Captain Nowlan, sought to recover damages (laid at £2,000,) from Mr. Daniel Sullivan, a wealthy paper manufacturer. Mr. Sullivan paid his addresses formerly to Miss Nowlan, proposed in 1848, and was accepted. In a "little month after," he repented, and wrote the following singular letter to the young lady's father:

31st December, 1848.

"My Dear Captain:—I cannot any longer observe silence upon a subject which involves the future happiness of two beings in whom you must feel the deepest interest, arising from the ties of nature and of friendship. For some time past I have been seriously anxious lest poor Sarah, too, should fall a victim to that disease which has proved so fatal to your family; this fear has, within the last week, settled into conviction that she is now nourishing within her bosom the elements of premature decay; an opinion not hastily formed, but based upon observation, as well as inquiry as to the symptoms which indicate the existence of this fatal malady in an organic form, which has aroused me to a due sense of the very delicate position in which I find myself, having reference to the ties of honor, duty and love, as between you, Sarah and myself; for, while I cannot but feel that this is a fatal obstacle to our union, inasmuch as my own life is involved in it, as also that marriage would but hurry Sarah to the grave, I cannot but feel that every sacrifice is due to her and you. As I was not aware that consumption, when organic, was contagious, I was resolved to hear the infliction of a speedy separation; but, when the loss of my own life is involved in this union, I must look upon Sarah as a dear sister whom, while I have life, I revere and love; as one whom, living, I must love, when dead, I must revere. I really have not the nerve to impart this to Sarah. *Poor girl!* her hopes of happiness were centred in her union with me. These lines, forced upon me by duty, are penned in the deepest sorrow. Never—I really cannot write more—I never will marry. Don't tell poor Sarah yet. Very sincerely yours,

"DANIEL P. SULLIVAN.

"N. B.—I hope this will not cause the loss of your friendship. I hope we will see each other as usual. Sarah, too, must feel this, by being looked upon as a sister, to whom, if she should survive you, I will always act as a brother."

Captain Nowlan said his daughter had always enjoyed excellent health, was not at all consumptive, and had never cost him sixpence for medicine in her life. She was at Preston, in Lancashire, and he heard from her every week. Mr. Sullivan married another lady in June last. Mr. M'Donagh, for the defence, treated the matter lightly, saying his client had, during a walk home, after dinner, in a glad and happy mood, "like a blockhead," popped the question, walked home with the lady and proposed. Several witnesses were examined, and the case adjourned till Monday, on which day the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £100, and 6d. costs.—*European Times.*

THE LAST TRICK OF THE ROGUES.

TEETOTUM.—The ingenuity of professional rogues displays itself almost daily in some new contrivance for the deception of the unwary stranger, and his entanglement and robbery. The Chief of Police has in his possession one of the latest improvements in this department of art, called a teetotum. It is made of ivory, has eight sides, a shaft of the same material running through and projecting at each end, the shorter or lower projection forming a pin like that of a boy's top, and the upper or longer a handle by which it is set in motion. Each side is marked with different numbers of spots like dice.

The mode of operation is this:—a countryman passes the place at which the sharper, with his allies, is innocently spinning his toy, and some remark arrests his attention. He watches the game, and as it seems to promise largely in favor of an outside better, is induced to "try his luck." Of course he is allowed to win invariably, until on shilling wagers he has pocketed a dollar or two, and sees Dame Fortune so prodigal of her favors, that he feels himself "manifestly destined" to certain and brilliant success. He increases his ventures from dimes to dollars, when suddenly the tables are turned, and he soon finds himself losing with tenfold the rapidity of his former gains.

Excited, he plays on; "the game must be fair," he says, "for there's the tee-to-tum just the same as ever, and no matter in whose hands it was played, it always won for me at the outset. Luck will return again." And thus the poor fellow plays on till frequently his money, watch, and other valuables are all gone, and he finds himself utterly penniless among strangers, little dreaming it possible that he can have been the dupe of the most barefaced swindling. Yet so it is. When the bets became "large enough to be interesting," (in gambling parlance,) the shaft of the tee-to-tum, which is moveable to the initiated, was shifted, so that the relative position of the ends of the toy were reversed, and that which *was* the top thus became the bottom, and *vice versa*.

The tee-to-tum being hollow, and the shaft loaded, the change of its position brings up in every instance, a set of numbers different from those on which the countryman had won. If the latter changes his "lucky number," which he is not apt to do, his entertainer readily, and without possibility of detection, changes his toy, and thus never fails to skin his victim.—*N. Y. Courier.*

COLT'S SUICIDE.—Your readers will recollect that at the time of the Colt trial in this city, there was a great deal of excitement caused by Sheriff Hart receiving an anonymous letter containing $1,000, to which the writer said he would add another, if, when the time arrived, he would decline to execute Colt, who, it will be remembered, was sentenced to death for the murder of Adams, in the building now known as the Irving House, at the corner of Broadway and Chamber street, but who committed suicide in prison. The Sheriff deposited the money in the City Treasury, and no one could tell who it was that thus tampered with Mr. Hart. The name of the party leaked out on Saturday week, in an argument respecting the estate of the late Hamilton Jackson, of this city. Mr. Western, one of the counsel, stated that Mr. Jackson was the person who did it. There is every reason to believe that the condemned man counted upon escaping the penalty of the law in this way, and that when he found this last prop gone, he determined upon taking his life, which he succeeded in doing.

NEW REMEDY IN DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND CHOLERA MORBUS.—Professor Reid, of the New York Hospital, says: "I have seen instant relief given in cases of Diarrhœa, by the use of Hydro Sulphuric Acid, a teaspoonful of a saturated solution being mixed with four times its bulk of water. Also in a case of Cholera Infantum, in which the child was very much reduced, and the stomach in an extreme state of irritability, so that nothing would be retained, this remedy was administered with ease, and the child immediately improved, and has since recovered. I believe that this is a new remedy, and that there is no reason to apprehend any effects where it does not produce a cure, and that it has some specific effect in counteracting the cause, and immediately arresting the disease.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The Allegheny Enterprise tells of a singular occurrence which took place a day or two since at the house of Mr. Conlin, on the Franklin Road, about fourteen miles out. A young girl of genteel appearance entered the house with an infant in her arms, and asked for a drink, upon which Mrs. C. started to the spring for fresh water, leaving an infant of her own in the cradle. On her return, the stranger had very mysteriously departed, and in about an hour afterwards she discovered, to her horror and surprise, that her own child had been taken from the cradle and a colored child left in its place.—Nothing has been heard from them since.

☞ Jenny Lind, during one of her concerts lately at Albany, is reported to have been so much affected by the heat, the crowd, and the tumult outside the concert room, that she fainted in the midst of one of her songs. She was immediately removed to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Kipp, adjoining the hall in which she sung, and with the aid of restoratives administered by Dr. McNaughton, was enabled to return and continue the concert.

☞ An American sailor was arrested in Matanzas, last week, for whipping *two* Spanish soldiers! The authorities put him in the stocks.

☞ The BANK NOTE LIST same as last week.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 19.

ASHES—Steady; sales 50 bbls at $5,25 for Pots, and $5,56 for Pearls.

COTTON—The market is quite heavy, and the sales are only 600 bales at irregular prices.

FLOUR, &c.—There is a pretty good business doing in Western and State Flour, and the market continues steady. Sales add up 14,600 bbls at $4,12½ for State, $4a4,18½ for Michigan and Indiana, and $4,18½a4,25 for flat and round hoop Ohio. Of Canadian there were 1,400 barrels sold for $4,18½ for superfine, and $3,75 for sour. Southern steady, with sales of 700 bbls at $4,31a4,50. Rye Flour quiet. Corn Meal dull. Sales 100 bbls Jersey at $2,94.

GRAIN—In Wheat we notice a fair business doing, but at easier prices; sales 1,400 bushels very handsome white Southern at $1,10; 2,700 common Genesee at 95c, and 12,000 white Michigan at about $1,03. Rye is dull; sales 500 bushels at 71c. The Corn market is scarcely so firm; sales 50,000 bushels at 57½a58c for Western mixed, 60c for round yellow, and 47a56½ for damaged. Oats are selling at 43a45 for Western.

PROVISIONS—The market is very firm for Pork, with a moderate demand. Sales 400 bbls at $14,75 and $12,75 for new Mess and Prime. Beef is more active, and sales 500 bbls have been made at $8,75 a11, and $5a6 for Mess and Prime. 150 bbls Beef Hams brought $14. Sales 70 tcs Hams at 7½. Lard is heavy. 300 bbls prime changed hands at 8¾.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Pacific, we have four days later news, being Liverpool dates to the 9th.

On the 17th instant, off Cape Flue, she broke the cross tail part of one of her engines, and has made the balance of the passage with a single engine; thus delaying her some two days beyond her usual time.

The Pacific brings one hundred and seventeen passengers; among them Mrs. Cora Mowatt, the American actress.

The news possesses no great special interest.

The accounts from the Cape of Good Hope are by no means satisfactory, and more vigorous means are to be resorted to to terminate what promises to be a most protracted war.

In Parliament, beyond the passing through Committee of the Bill to substitute a house tax for the window tax, and a little squabble over the vote for £20,000 for secret service money, and the introduction of a Bill to authorize Parliamentary elections to be taken by vote by ballot, nothing of importance has transpired since the sailing of the Asia.

The report of M. de Tocqueville, relative to the revision of the Constitution, was to be presented to the Assembly on the 9th. It is the all engrossing subject of discussion in the Parisian journals, leaving no room for other topic.

The President has returned to Paris, after being well received at Beauvais, and the other points visited. His speeches claim considerable attention.

The French commercial accounts are favorable. The manufacturers have unusually large London orders. Raw silk is advancing.

The Liverpool Cotton Market was still dull, and prices in favor of buyers, but no quotable decline had taken place. The sales of the three days preceding the 9th were 16,000 bales, 3,000 of which were taken on speculation and for export. The sales of Wednesday, the 9th, were 5,000 bales.

Breadstuffs—Flour is unchanged, but steady and firm; Corn continues to meet fair inquiry; prices yellow 29s., white 30a31s.

Provisions—In Provisions there is very little business doing, and prices have undergone no change.

Sugars are in slow request, and prices are tending downwards.

Coffee is in limited demand, and prices well supported. Molasses has undergone no change. Rice is firm but inactive.

Tea—The prices of Tea are well maintained, with a fair demand.

THE MONEY MARKET.—The Money Market is without change since the sailing of the last steamer. Consols are, if anything, a fraction lower, and on Wednesday closed at 96⅞ to 97. American Stocks continue in good demand, and prices are unchanged.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester markets were extremely dull, and yarns declining. In the other districts there is a less active trade.

☞ Muggins says that there is no country in the world where wives are more worshipped than they are in France. He regrets to say, however, that all the adoration comes from somebody else's husband.

Local News.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.—The Central High School celebrated its Summer Commencement at the Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday of last week. A numerous and intelligent audience filled the large saloon, and made the occasion one of the most animated and cheering of its kind that has happened in the experience of the institution. The Hon. Wm. D. Kelley opened the exercises with an exceedingly appropriate introductory address. Speeches were also delivered by N. Chapman Freeman, Morris J. Nagle, Edwin Hergesheimer, Thomas C. Hill, John T. Henderson, Henry C. Parsons, and Geo. P. Smith, pupils, which, in point of composition and elocution, were alike creditable to themselves and the school. The Honorary Address was given by Richard R. Wise.

Of the session just closed there were 52 students who were announced as being distinguished, and to 32 who had partly completed the four years' course, testimonials were awarded. The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon 15 members of the Eighteenth Class, who were named as follows:—Richard B. Wise, Chas. Rainer, N. Chapman Freeman, George Inman Riche, Morris J. Nagle, Edwin Hergesheimer, Thos. C. Hill, Edwin F. Levan, David R. Beamish, John T. Henderson, Theo. H. Freeland, Henry C. Parson, Geo. P. Smith, Thos. Stevenson, and John H. Catherwood.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the following ten graduates of five years' standing, to wit:

Wm. Guiager, John A. Merrick, Wm. Sterling, Jr., William C. Gobrecht, John Wiegand, Jr., Alexander Muckle, Horace Ladd, Isaac E. Hackenburg, James Coggins, and Ryneer Williams, Jr.

A delightful band of music enlivened the proceedings, which were eminently interesting, and indicated the prosperous condition of this noble educational establishment.

THE NEW RESERVOIR.—The largely increased demand on the Fairmount Water Works, for a supply of water, having become so great, at the meeting of the Select and Common Councils held on the evening of February 21, 1850, an ordinance was passed appropriating a sum of money for the construction of a new reservoir. The lot purchased for the reservoir is North of the Eastern Penitentiary, 716 feet long and 416 feet wide, extending from Schuylkill Front Street to Corinthian Avenue, between Schuylkill Second and Third Streets, and from Parrish to Poplar Streets in the District of Spring Garden. The reservoir, when completed, will be 15 feet higher than Fairmount, and will make the total capacity of the several basins, 40,500,000 ale gallons of water, when full. At Fairmount, a stand pipe of cast iron, 40 feet high and 4 feet in diameter, will be erected, into which the water will be pumped by the present machinery, and will flow over to the new reservoir by its own gravity.

SLAVE CASE.—A colored woman, named Matilda, was recently brought before Judge Kelley on a *habeas corpus*. The writ was sued out by some of the members of the Anti-Slavery Society of this city. It appeared that the woman came to this city with Mrs. Augustine Swaine, from the State of Louisiana, where she was held in bondage. She belonged to the estate of which Mrs. S. is the representative. There was no denial of the facts alleged by the relators, and the parties were agreeable to whatever action the Court, under the laws of this Commonwealth, would take in the premises. Judge Kelley informed Matilda, that under the law of this State she was free; she could go where she pleased, being no longer under the control of her owners. If she thought proper, she could make any arrangements with her former mistress to render her future service as she might think best for her own welfare.

I. O. O. F.—The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania ended its session by adjournment on Saturday last, between 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M. It was not determined by the Grand Lodge, as rumored, to prohibit the subordinate Lodges from associating for the purpose of establishing a Widows' and Orphans' Asylum, so much needed by the Order. Neither was there any motion or resolutions adopted during the session disapproving of such an institution. We understand that a meeting of the Trustees of the Asylum will be held in the Sixth Street Hall, on the evening of the first Monday in August, to which all Lodges and Encampments, at present not represented, can send Trustees without conflicting with any of the resolutions passed by the Grand Lodge.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The second annual commencement of this institution is just out, and shows that 40 ladies attended the College last session. Of this number 34 were from Pennsylvania; 2 from Massachusetts; 1 from New York; 1 from Ohio; 1 from Vermont, and 1 from England. All candidates for graduation in the Female Medical College are required to be engaged in the study of Medicine three years—two of which must be under the supervision of a respectable practitioner of medicine, and must attend two full courses of lectures, as in other colleges. The building is located at No. 229 Arch Street, and the institution is said to be in a very flourishing condition.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. COLLINGS.—Mr. Collings, coach manufacturer at Camden, and brother of James H. Collings, who has been missing for three or four weeks, and supposed to have been foully dealt with, has received a letter through the Camden Post-office from him, in which he says that he has been slightly attacked with brain fever. He is still in Baltimore; and this makes the *third* letter which has been received from him.

EFFECTS OF THE BLOW.—During the high wind on Wednesday evening of last week, several of the high rafters just put up at the extensive new depot of the Philadelphia and Norristown Railroad, at Ninth and Green Streets, were overturned and broken. In consequence of this unlooked for event, there will be some delay in the completion of the work, and the contractor will be subjected to a loss of about $500.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 251—adults 99, and children 152.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	105	106½	Mechanics	29½	30¼
" '62	110	111	Southwark	70	—
" '67	116½	117	Kensington	60	—
" '68	116½	117½	P Township	29	—
" 5s '53	100½	101½	Girard	12½	12¾
July div. off			Western	63	—
" 5s '51	98	—	Man & Mechs	27	—
Jan int off			Bk of Com	48	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	50	—
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	63	64
Philada 6s	104	104½	Tren Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	92	93	Pittsbg Bk	58	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	58	—
County 5s	95½	96	Exchange, Pitts	51	[illegible]
Penna 5s	100½	101	Com, Cin	18	—
" 5s	91	91½	Louis, Ky	105	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	101½	—
Tennessee 6s	90½	91	Northern	109	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	70	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	78
TexasT Notes	36	40	Vicksburg	15	15½
" bds 5s	56	60	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	37	38	N O Gas Bk	114	—
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	12
Lehigh N 6s	81½	82	Lehigh Nav	31	31½
" Int loan	93	94½	C & Del Cl	107	110
" Mort 6s	95	98	Morris Cl	15	16½
C & D Cl 6s	97½	98	Penn&Ohio Cl	32	35
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	12½	13½
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	134	136
Susqueh Cl 6s	63	64	Penna R	43	43½
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	16	18
Harris R 6s	93½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	91	91½	North Am Cl	13	15
Read R 6s	74	74½	Susqueh Cl	—	15½
" Mort 6s	80½	81	Norristown R	38	40
U S Bk Notes	99	—	Harrisburg R	48	42½
U S Bk Shares	1¼	1½	Wilmington R	30	31
N Amer Bk	135	140	Reading R	27½	28
Penna Bk	113½	114	Minehill R	70	—
Philadelphia	135	137	N Liberty Gas	35	36
Far & Mec	60½	60	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	59	60	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	49	51	N W Mile Co	26	26½

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 21.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 2,000 head. Beeves are selling from $4,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 300 used in market, and sold from $6 to 6,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $16 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4; the latter from $1 to 2, according to quality.

HEADACHE.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a positive cure for this distressing complaint, because they purge from the body those bilious humors which are the cause not only of headache, giddiness, nausea and sickness, &c., but of all the ills to which flesh is heir. One 25 cent box of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills, say, a single dose, will frequently carry off a violent attack of headache; and, in cases of long standing, perseverance alone is wanted in order to make a cure of every description of headache.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood, and therefore give new life and vigor to the whole frame.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Wholesale Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

July 1851.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
26 Saturday	4 51	7 9	12 16	
27 Sunday	4 52	7 8	12 57	
28 Monday	4 53	7 7	1 38	
29 Tuesday	4 53	6 7	2 18	D. H. M.
30 Wed'sday	4 54	7 6	3 53	First 5 6 3
31 Thursday	4 55	7 5	4 48	Full 13 9 9
1 Friday	4 56	7 4	5 40	Last 21 5 33
2 Saturday	4 57	7 3	6 30	New 28 9 33

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 13,	80	72	80
14,	72	81	81
15,	71	71	81
16,	74	81	86
17,	80	89	92
18,	79	86	86
19,	80	86	86

Marriages.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. H. W. Ducachet, D. D., G. A. LANDELL, to KATE F. daughter of Robt. H. Beresford, Esq. all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. RAYMOND SAPHORE, to Miss MARGARET A. LAWS, both of Philadelphia county, Pa.

On the 17th inst. at Lancaster, by the Rev. Dr. Baker, JACOB L. BAKER, of Philadelphia, to ANNIE M. daughter of the late Jos. Baugher, of Fountain Dale, Adams county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. H. Lincoln, Mr. E. H. OSTERSTOCK, of Easton, Pa. to Miss ANNA VIRGINIA, daughter of Thos. W. Farquhar, Esq. of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Greenbank, Mr. WILLIAM RODGERS, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH CATHCART, formerly of Reading, Pa.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. Parker, D. D., Mr. AUGUSTUS H. RAIGUEL, to Miss ANNIE M. MOSHER.

On the 13th inst. in Gloria Dei (Swedes') Church, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. CHARLES PEARSON, to Miss REBECCA T. BREARLEY, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Brearley, all of Southwark.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. HENRY LIGHT, to Miss ANNA M. EISENHUT.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Humphreys, Mr. THOMAS MOLONY, to Miss ELIZABETH R. ROOM, adopted daughter of Mr. S. L. Room, all of this city.

On the 7th May, by W. M. D. Ryan, Mr. JOSHUA BOWEN, to Miss SARAH DWYER, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Jacob S. Kessler, Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON, to Miss SARAH W. PAUL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, Mr. ISAAC RYAN, to Miss ANNA MCLANE, all of this city.

On the 14th instant, in St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, REBECCA LOCKWOOD, of Charleston, S. C. to ALFRED WHITE, of York, Pa.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D. Mr. JOSEPH KERNS, to Miss MARTHA D. R. ZEBDY, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. A. ROBERTS, to Mrs. MARY M. MCCALL, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. before Alderman Walton, JOHN A. PINE, to SARAH HARRIS, both of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. John C. Lyons, Mr. STUART ANDERSON, to Miss JANE PORTER. Also, Mr. ROBERT MILLIGAN, to Miss ANN CLARK, all of Kensington.

MARRIAGES IN CALIFORNIA.

In San Francisco, June 3, by Justice McGowan, Mr. Alfred Dixon, to Miss Catharine McKaigue, both of San Francisco.

At Grace Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Ver Mehren, Jos. Austin, to Miss Amelia Hill, of San Francisco.

In San Francisco, June 3, by Justice Brown, Mr. Jos. Nicholaus Rusch, from Brakenau, in Germania, to Miss Agatha Simon, from Rauschboth, in France.

At the British Consulate, Honolulu, on June 14th, by Wm. Miller, Esq., H. B. M.'s Consul, Henry Robinson, Esq. to Miss Susannah Rhodes.

On May 14, by the Rev. T. E. Taylor, Henry Rhodes, Esq. to Miss Sophia Harriet Cape, only child of the late Wm. Cape, Esq. Penton Square, Haymarket, London.

In San Francisco, on June 6, by the Rev. A. Williams, Mr. Wm. John Pilham, to Miss Francis Sophia Kingsmill.

On June 4, by the Rev. Jas. Wook, Mr. O. Smith, to Miss Rowena Mitchell, both of San Francisco.

In Benicia, on June 5, by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Sarobel Binney, Esq. to Mrs. Mary S. Wright, all of that city.

At the Military Post, in Benicia, on Sunday evening, May 25, by the same, Mr. Hugh A. Carroll, to Miss Eliza Little, all of Benicia.

On Tuesday, June 10, by the Rev. J. Penman, Mr. Charles Betts, to Miss Sarah M. Harper, all of San Francisco.

In Marysville, June 9, by Hon. H. P. Haun, Mr. Richard J. Whitton, to Miss E. Rimmermann, both late of Missouri.

In West Tualitin, May 20, by the Rev. D. R. Williams, Mr. Manoll R. Crisp, to Miss Vancy J. Beagle.

On the 22d of May, by the Rev. R. M. Cheadle, Mr. Geo. P. S. Riche, to Miss Mary S. Hunt, all of Lebanon, Marion county, O. T.

Deaths.

On the 18th inst. WILLIAM HAUGHTON, formerly of Bossier Parish, La. aged 32 years. New Orleans papers please copy.

On the 17th inst. PETER T. DELAS, Printer, aged 33 years.

On the 16th inst. ALABANIS MARSHALL, aged 23.

On the 15th inst. Mr. HUGH BURNS, aged 53.

On the 16th inst. JANE CATHERS, aged 73 years.

On the 15th inst. CHARLES W. STECKLER, aged 30.

On the 15th inst. MALACHIA HUGHES, aged 21.

On the 15th inst. at West Philadelphia, MARY G. FULTON, aged 9 years and 6 months.

On the 16th inst. Capt. JOHN GRAVES, aged 73.

On the 17th inst. WILLIAM B. son of Louis J. and Eliza J. Quin, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. MARY L. BEACH, formerly of Charleston, S. C. aged 52 years.

On the 14th inst. SAMUEL MILLER, aged 44 years.

On the 14th inst. SARAH TRUAX, aged 35 years.

On the 14th inst. BRIDGET, wife of John Leddy, aged 71 years.

On the 14th inst. Mr. MICHAEL CASSIDY, aged 52.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. AGNES FOOLE, aged 93.

On the 15th inst. WILLIAM, son of Wm. and Charlotte Hulotta.

On the 15th inst. JANE, daughter of Edmund and Matilda Potter, aged 4 years.

On the 15th inst. MARY F. M'CAULLEY, aged 13 months.

On the 16th inst. FRANK SIMPSON, son of Peter and Jane Gabel, aged 13 months.

On the 16th inst. MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of J. and Sarah Bird, aged 15 months.

On the 15th inst. WILLIAM HENRY, son of Abraham and Jane De Hart, aged 4 years.

On the 16th inst. LOUIS F. SHAW, aged 20 mos.

On the 16th inst. MARY, wife of Patrick Byrnes, aged 29 years.

On the 16th inst. JOHN PIERCE, aged 10 months.

On the 14th inst. THOMAS J. LEIB, U. S. N. aged 49.

On the 13th inst. BENJ. W. RICHARDS, aged 53.

On the 15th inst. ELIZABETH BAKER, aged 53.

On the 15th inst. WILLIAM B. son of A. F. and E. M. Glass, aged 3 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of J. Rudolph, aged 47 years.

On the 14th inst. MARY A. KING, aged 45 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH HYNSON, aged 76.

At Frankford, on the 13th inst. MARY, wife of P. Galligher, aged 21 years. Also, STELLA, daughter of Philip Galligher, aged 7 days.

On the 15th inst. MARY BARNHILL.

On the 14th instant, MARY, daughter of Wm. and Margaret Gillespie, aged 14 months.

On the 7th inst. GEORGE NEATH, son of Henry and Elizabeth N. Green.

At San Francisco, on the 24th May, Mr. THOMAS FIELD, aged 50 years, late of this city.

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

At Murphy's new diggins, Ellen Preston Shepherd, daughter of David and Jane Shepherd, aged 6 days.

Near Columbia, Tuolumne county, May 22, Orlando A. Ryan, formerly of Edgecombe, Me.

In Marysville, May 30, Millard Fillmore, son of E. S. and E. C. Peck, aged 4 months.

At Quincy Rancho, near Marysville, May 28, deeply mourned by all who knew him, Alexander Abercrombie, of Bandeath, Stirlingshire, Scotland, aged 24.

On Carron's Creek, May 22, of dropsy in the chest, Mr. Joseph Mills, of Nantucket, Mass.

At Diamond Springs, on the evening of the 28th May, of diarrhœa, Mr. Chas. Coffin, late of Covington, Ind.

On Sunday, July 1, at her residence on the Stanislaus River, after a short illness, Mrs. Sarah Smith, wife of John M. Smith, of Stockton. Keene papers please copy.

At Sonoma, U. Cal., May 17, Mr. Thos. Spriggs, aged 30 years, a native of Rutlandshire, England. English papers please copy.

At San Francisco, June 6, Mr. Patrick Murphy, veterinary surgeon.

Deaths in San Francisco, reported for the Alta California, by Nathaniel Gray, city sexton:

May 3, Mrs. Eliza Brier, Albany, N. Y. 33; Passed Midshipman Wm. De Troven, Middletown, Ct., 24.

June 1, Jacob Davis, Indiana, 23; Thos. R. Sand, Abington, Mass. 23; Anthony Joseph, a seaman; Frank Brewer, Long Island, 30.

June 3, Peter Marko, Ireland, 43; unknown man, 30.

June 4, Fredrica Henrith, Germany, 38; Anna Weiden, Montevideo, 4; Ralph Ortado, Chile, 30; W. Read, Germany, 41.

June 5, Patrick Murphy, New York, 42.

June 6, Henriquez, Mexico.

June 7, Henry Nelson Smith, Jamaica Island, 53.

June 9, Christopher Nelson, Sweden, 28.

In San Francisco, June 11, Edward D. son of C. H. and Mary E. Todd, aged 7½ weeks.

At the Plaza, San Diego, on Sunday, June 1, of chronic diarrhœa, Wm. Valeech.

The above named was from Baltimore and a member of William Tell Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. of that city. He was landed from the steamship Antelope on the 1st, on her trip from Panama to San Francisco.

At Oregon city, on Tuesday, the 27th May, Albert, son of Eld. H. Johnson and Eliza, his wife, aged 4 years and 24 days.

June 13, Mrs. Ann, consort of Mr. Mark Calhoun, of Benton county, O. T. aged 31 years. Mrs. Calhoun has left behind a large family of small children, an affectionate husband, with an infant one day old, and a large circle of mourning friends to lament her loss. Mr. Calhoun emigrated to Oregon in the year 1847, from the State of Missouri, and settled with his family near where he now lives.

Drowned, March 8, off Cape Horn, James Nelson, a seaman, of N. York, by falling from the cathead of the barque Cornwallis.

On board the steamer Gold Hunter, June 1, Josiah Graves, a passenger, of Thomaston, Me. He was buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Creston Island, harbor of Mazatlan.

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EXCHANGE BANKERS,
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UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
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SHANNONDALE SPRINGS,
JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.
THIS celebrated watering place having been leased for a term of years by the undersigned, was the last season put in complete repair, as to its Cabins, Baths, Bowling Saloon, Boats, etc., and will be again opened for the reception of company on the 10th inst.
They are situated on an eminence on the east bank of the Shenandoah, five miles south of Charlestown, in a healthy and delightful region. The reputation of the water is so well established, that it is deemed scarcely necessary to mention its qualities. It is sent for and taken to New York, Charleston, and other distant places. The analysis of the late Dr. De Butts, in 1821, classed the principal fountain, with the *saline chalybeates*, a combination of the most valuable description, in the whole range of mineral waters, and closely resembling those of the celebrated Bedford, in composition, operation and efficacy. There is also a highly valuable Sulphur Spring in the vicinity. Apart from the merits of the waters Shannondale is remarkable for the sublime and beautiful natural scenery, which is said to surpass Bath and Bristol, in England, and that of Saratoga and Ballston, in New York. They are within eight hours travel from Washington and Baltimore. jy5-4t
Coaches will be in daily attendance at the railroad depot, at Charlestown, to convey passengers to the Springs. The proprietors pledge themselves that their Table and Bar shall compare favorably with those of any watering place in Virginia. They have procured the best Band of Music, and most capable servants that can be found without regard to price.
June 10, 1851. HALL, OSBURN & Co.

NEW HOTEL, MONTREAL, CANADA.
THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL.
THIS HOTEL, WHICH HAS BEEN LATELY OPENED, is situated in the most fashionable part of the city, in the immediate vicinity of the Banks, Insurance Offices, Telegraph and Post Office, thus rendering it equally convenient to parties travelling either for business or pleasure.—The house has been furnished after the fashion of the New York and Boston Hotels, and comprises the handsomest DINING SALOON and CONCERT ROOM in Canada, together with a commodious READING ROOM, and every convenience that travellers may require.
☞ HOT AND COLD BATHS can be had at all hours; and an omnibus will always be in attendance on the arrival of the Railway cars and Steamboats. je14-eow4t
Montreal, June, 1851.

TRUNKS! TRUNKS!! TRUNKS!!!—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish every variety of Trunk, Valise and Carpet Bags, as low as can be purchased of any other manufacturer in the city. The attention of merchants and others is solicited to the beautiful assortment now on hand, of his own manufacture, which cannot be surpassed for neatness, durability and workmanship by any other establishment, and which received the premium at the last exhibition of the *Franklin Institute.*
All work done at this establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. A share of patronage is solicited. SAMUEL W. KENNEDY,
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MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a
DEPURATIVE REMEDY
seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula and all the various diseases arising from an
IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.
ALSO ALL
BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,
and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the
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Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.
It is composed of medicines so happily combined as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a
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It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.
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feb 1-1y

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Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.
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WE STUDY TO PLEASE. decl8-ly

EPILEPSIES, OR FITS.—This soul-destroying malady is not only very prevalent, but has also ever been considered incurable. We therefore make no apology for introducing into our columns the following extract from Dr. Jayne's Almanac for 1852, by which it will be seen that a majority of cases of this disease may be permanently cured. DR. JAYNE'S Store is 84 CHESNUT St., below Third.
EPILEPSY, AND CONVULSIONS OR FITS.
This truly awful affliction, which destroys both body and mind, is of such frequent occurrence, and so generally known, that a description of it is unnecessary.
All persons are more or less liable to attacks of Convulsions, but some much more so than others, and it is more frequently met with among children than adults, and oftener among boys than girls.
Epilepsy is properly distinguished into Sympathetic and Idiopathic—Sympathetic, when produced by, or in consequence of some other disease, as from the irritation of Worms or Teething, &c., and Idiopathic, when it is the primary disease, and not arising or proceeding from another disease.
The causes of Sympathetic Epilepsy are numerous, as from Acidity of Stomach, the irritation of Worms, Colics, Diarrhœa, great loss of Blood or other severe evacuations—loss of sleep, great anxiety and severe mental labor—irritation from teething—the suppression of customary evacuations—excesses of all kinds—celibacy—the striking in of eruptive diseases, as Small Pox, Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c. Excessive grief or fear, frights, violent fits of passion, great melancholy, diseases of the Uterus, Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Dyspepsia, excessive use of stimulants, as vinous and Spirituous Liquors, Tobacco, &c., overloading the stomach with food, fruits, &c. Poisons, Injuries or disease of the head or brain, great irritation or acute pains in any part of the body, and in fact every thing which greatly irritates or debilitates the Nervous System.
Sympathetic Convulsions or Fits are not always, properly speaking, Epilepsies; but this is of little consequence so far as the treatment is concerned, besides which, if the attacks are not arrested at an early period and before the disease becomes habitual, they glide into real Epilepsies.
In Idiopathic Epilepsy the disease is often hereditary, and appears to arise from some peculiarity of formation. Such persons have generally strong robust constitutions, with fully developed muscles, with short thick necks and large heads, and usually have good appetites and crave plenty of the richest kinds of food.
TREATMENT.
The indications to be fulfilled, therefore, in the treatment of Epilepsies, is to remove by appropriate medicine the causes which produce them—that is, cure if possible the diseases from the irritation of which the Epilepsies arise. And secondly, the application of such means as will be most likely to prevent their return. By promptly removing the causes which produce the disease, the convulsions often cease their attacks and may never return again. But it is only in the early stages of Epilepsy that this favorable result can be relied upon with any degree of confidence. For if the patient has suffered from repeated attacks of the disease, there is imminent danger that they will return again at longer or shorter intervals, though the causes which first produced them have been removed.
This is a disease which soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been the greater is the liability to their return, and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the Convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without a few slight muscular twitches, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent Convulsions, and of almost if not of daily occurrence. The poor afflicted soul now gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burthen to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of death.
It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.
Epilepsy has always been considered incurable by the Faculty, and the consequences of this belief has been the abandonment of all means for the relief of such patients. I was of the same opinion until recently, but I am now convinced that this opinion was erroneous, and that relief to a greater or less extent *may be obtained* for this awful complaint.
I have been led to this conclusion from repeatedly witnessing the beneficial results from the use of my Alterative, within the last three years. Some have been entirely cured, and others greatly benefitted by it. Some, who have taken it for some weeks, have not perceived any manifest change, while in other cases the Epilepsies ceased immediately or very soon after they commenced the use of the Alterative, and remained free from attacks as long as they took it, and in a number of cases the attacks have never returned, though two years have elapsed since they discontinued the use of the medicine, while in other cases the attacks returned again after longer or shorter periods. In other cases the Fits have been less violent and not so frequent in their return. So that those who had them monthly would pass two and three months without an attack.
To be successful the Alterative should be continued for a much longer period than it has ever been used in any case that has come under my observation. I think its use should never be discontinued in less than six months, and I believe a year's use of it would be better, so that the morbid and vitiated habit might be thoroughly and permanently removed. Used for this length of time, I believe that at least three-fifths of these deplorable cases might be cured. Persons liable to Epilepsies should never suffer themselves to become costive—should avoid excitements and all stimulating drinks—should never overload their stomachs with food or fruit—in fact, should be strictly temperate in all their habits, should lie with their heads high, and never lie down with a full stomach. They should also be careful not to wear their stocks or cravats so tight as to press upon the blood-vessels of the neck.
As I have observed before, whenever the cause can be discovered, the remedies should be such as will remove the causes. Thus, if they arise from Costiveness, the bowels should be freely evacuated by the Sanative Pills. If from overloading the stomach with food or fruit, &c., then give an emetic. If from Worms give the Vermifuge and Sanative Pills. If from Teething, let the Gums be lanced down to the protruding teeth. This will often produce almost immediate relief. If from Colic, Flatulency, Bowel or Summer Complaint, Sour Stomach, &c., then give my Carminative Balsam; and if from obstruction in females, use the proper remedies for that disease; and if the cause is unknown, or the disease has been frequently repeated, then give the Alterative regularly three times a day until a cure is either effected or all hope of a cure is abandoned. The bowels should also, at the same time, be regulated by the use of the Sanative Pills as often as may be found necessary.
CASES OF EPILEPSY CURED.
☞ CHARLES MARTIN, of this city, a youth about seventeen years old, had been subject to Epileptic Fits from infancy, which had very much impaired his intellectual faculties.
The Alterative was given him, when the Fits immediately ceased their attacks, and he remained free from them all the time he was taking the Alterative; but in about three weeks after discontinuing its use, the fits returned, when on recurring to the use of the Alterative they were again suppressed; but in about three weeks after leaving it off the fits came on again. This course was pursued three or four times with the same results.
The Alterative has since been given him steadily in small quantities, daily, and he now remains entirely free from them, though upwards of four months have elapsed since this course has been pursued.
☞ Dr. WM. DRUMM, of Bridgetown, Island of Barbadoes, writes, March 11th, 1850—My stock of Sanative Pills is now reduced to ten dozen, and those will scarcely last as many days; it is surprising how fast they go. The Expectorant is selling well and is highly spoken of. The Alterative is quietly working its way into esteem.
A doctor in the country is using it for his son, ill for many years with Epileptic Fits, and nearly Idiotic. Since the use of the first bottle, the Fits have ceased and his sense and usefulness is returning, to the great joy and wonder of his friends.
He is still continuing its use, and his father intends to write to you and to publish his case.
WM. DRUMM, M. D.
☞ The writer of the following is a merchant at Clarington, O., dated Dec. 12th, 1849.
Your Alterative and Sanative Pills haved cured this fall, a boy who was pronounced incurable by three physicians, of FITS. He is now to all appearance as hearty and as well as ever he was.
Yours, &c. R. C. HOLMES.
Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia.
A copy of a letter from Mr. Monroe P. Worden, dated
FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y., March 10th, 1851.
Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—In justice to yourself and the public, I deem it my duty to give you a statement of the disease and cure of my child, so that others in similar cases may be led to use the same remedies.
In May, 1848, my child, aged three years, was taken with FALLING DOWN, and for an instant appeared to be helpless. I immediately applied to a physician, but the child grew worse, and his disease assumed the form of violent CONVULSION FITS, which would last on him about one and a half minutes. Whilst having them, he would be stiff and rigid, and which left him afterwards perfectly helpless for a short time. He continued to grow rapidly worse, so that in the forepart of July he could scarcely walk. I then secured the services of two of the most celebrated physicians of Syracuse, who, in consultation with others, prescribed for him for some time. They decided his case to be a combination of EPILEPSY and CHOREA.* Nearly all the physicians in the vicinity called to see him, as it was a case that excited a great deal of interest. His FITS increased in frequency and severity, prostrating him more and more, so that by the middle of August he was more helpless than an infant, being unable to move or raise an arm, *having over thirty fits in a day.* His case was pronounced hopeless by almost every one, and it was thought he could not live more than a week or two.
After every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure him, I decided on giving him your medicines which I procured of your agent, Mr. McVicar. I gave him your VERMIFUGE, ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS, according to directions. In a few weeks he began to improve: his fits becoming less frequent and less severe, until about the last of February, 1850, when they entirely left him, going off gradually, while at the same time he steadily gained in strength until about the 1st of May, when he began to walk a little. He has continued on improving ever since, and is now as active as other children of his age. I wish you to publish this for the benefit of others, and if any one should feel anxious to know more of this case, I shall be happy to answer any communication addressed to me (post paid) at Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.
Most respectfully yours, MONROE P. WORDEN.
I have been familiarly acquainted with the case of Mr. Worden's child, as described in his testimony. I regarded the child as totally the victim of EPILEPSY. His cure has been surprising, and to all appearance is attributable to DR. JAYNE'S MEDICINES. He now promises fair for a perfect recovery. I add that Mr. Worden's testimony is worthy of all credit.
RICHARD F. CLEVELAND,
Late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church,
Fayetteville, N. Y.
Next to the irritation from Worms or Teething, the suppression or obstruction in females of customary evacuations is the most frequent cause of Spasms and Convulsions. About three years ago, a young lady of Montgomery county, Pa., who suffered much from irregularity and partial suppression, was subject to SPASMS and CONVULSIONS, at periods of from three to four weeks apart, when they would last for three or four days, during which time she had great numbers of convulsions, so that she remained in a great measure insensible all the while. There was not only a strong tendency to break down her constitution, by the frequency of these convulsions, but also of greatly impairing her mental faculties. She was put under the use of the ALTERATIVE three times a day, which she took regularly for upwards of four months, and during the first ten or twelve days took the SANATIVE PILLS every night, but afterwards only as occasion required their use. This treatment had the desired effect, and she has never had a return of these convulsive affections since. I have witnessed the same good results of this treatment in a number of similar cases. jyl4-eow4t
* St. Vitus' or St. Anthony's Dance.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
No. 139 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
ARE now opening an extensive assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which they will dispose of at a very low figure, and guarantee freights and insurance at so low a rate as from any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will consult their interest by giving us a call.
je21-3m

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WIRE RAILING, (SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT.) Enclosures for Public Grounds and Cemeteries, Fences for Cottages, Gardens, Farms, &c. Window Guards and Gratings for Stores, Dwellings, Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, &c. Columns and Cornice Work for Cottages and VERANDAHS.
The above are made entirely of Wrought Iron and Wire, (at one half the cost of Cast Iron,) being extensively used in the City of New York, &c. Superseding all other kinds of work for the same purpose.
RAILROAD AND FARM FENCE,
Made with Wrought Iron or Wooden Posts, being so constructed as to be used for moveable or permanent fence, at 50c. to $2,00 per rod.
WIRE FOR FENCES
always on hand.
Portable Iron Bedsteads, Iron Statuary, Greyhounds, DOGS, LIONS, &c.
Wrought and Cast Iron Railings made to order.
By addressing the Manufacturer and Proprietor, Circulars and drawings of the above will be forwarded. JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
340 Broadway.
Works, 59 and 61 Lewis Street.
AGENTS—C. B. Conant & Co., 215 Pearl Street, New York. je7-3m
New York, April 14 1851.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of
WATCHES,
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from $50 to 150
" " 18 carat cases from 30 to 120
Silver " 15 to 30
Lepine 10 to 15
And others at lower rates than the above.
JEWELRY,
Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings &c.
SILVER WARE.
This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.
Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.
PLATED WARE.
A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.
BRITTANIA WARE.
Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.
S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second
my 31y and Third, (south side,) Phila.

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.
The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 18 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.
WATCHES.
Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, $35 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $24 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.
JEWELRY.
Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medallions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.
ALSO, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.
Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.
ap26-6m GEORGE RUSSELL,
No. 18 N. Sixth, opposite Commerce St., Phila.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.
mar7-1y STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

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MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA
FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing, Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 194 *Market Street below Sixth Street,*
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan18-1y

Selected Poetry.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

Fresh from the fountains of the wood,
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glided on for many a rood,
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh, and soft, and sweet,
The slopes in Spring's new verdure lay,
And wet with dew-drops at my feet,
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard,
Amid those pastures, lone and still,
Save the faint chirp of early bird,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way,
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah! happy mountain stream," I said,
"Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
Whose fragrance round thy path is shed
Through all the joyous Summer hours.

"Oh, could my years, like thine, be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I could dwell and sing at last,
Far from the bustling haunts of men!"

But what new echoes greet my ear?
The village schoolboy's merry call,
And mid the village hum I hear
The murmur of the waterfall.

I looked! The widening vale betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished steel,
Where that bright valley stream was stayed,
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why would I, I thought with shame,
Sigh for a life of solitude,
When even this stream, without a name,
Is laboring for the common good!

No longer let me shun my part,
Amid the busy scenes of life,
But with a warm and generous heart,
Press onward in the glorious strife.

Selected Articles.

A CHAPTER ON MARRIAGE.

BY ISRAEL OLDEN.

[We commend the following sensible article to the consideration of all—to the married as well as the unmarried. The latter, especially, have a deep interest in pondering upon the truth it contains. As for those who are already caged, and badly so, to them we recommend patience—such need much of the "martyr's spirit"—the only way is to make the best of it.]

I have heard a great deal, at divers times, about the ordainings and leading of Providence in connection with this matter. It has been suggested that Providence may wisely ordain the union—no, I will not say union—the contrast of opposite qualities in marriage, that thereby the greatest amount of good may be distributed. The learned shall instruct the ignorant, the refined shall polish the rude, the liberal dispense the gains of the covetous, and (I might also as well add) beauty reflect some of its attractiveness upon the face of ugliness. This is a very comfortable doctrine for one to preach who feels himself badly mated. Men love to throw their sins upon the shoulders of Providence if they can, or on circumstances, or even on the devil himself. It is an easy way of getting over a piece of egregious folly. No, no, friend, just blame your own precipitancy or thoughtlessness, and let Providence go clear. As for circumstances, very likely you moulded them to suit your own views and gratify your own passions. I do not believe that Providence intended you to have any other than one of the best of wives. "A prudent (or good) wife is from the Lord." You see Scripture is plainly against you. If your wife be not a good one, i. e., adapted to your nature and circumstances, you cannot regard her as sent to you from God, except as a punishment for your sins. Had you taken the requisite pains, you might have found one just adapted to you. If there has been any leading of Providence in the case, very likely you took the lead yourself. This sort of leading of Providence is rife in the world.

I shall now address myself particularly to the unmarried, and more especially to the young men. I shall not say with Saint Paul, "Seek not a wife." I suppose you to be thinking about the matter, perchance to be a "seeker." Yet I would say, seek not unless thou seekest rightly. I tell thee, friend, it is the most important step of thy life, as thou mayest hereafter find. Pause, therefore, and consider a little. Think what thou shouldst love most, and what thou shouldst love the longest. Believe me, you can love just as deeply, and far more safely, if your reason and judgment have considerable to say in connection with this business. I go for love of the deepest, strongest and most lasting kind, and I am sure that reason is no enemy of this.

If you suffer yourself to be blinded by mere show and glitter, and are at the same time led by some blind Cupid, you at least, will be likely to "fall into the ditch." I have known those who have supposed that in the choice of a wife, they were led so much by passion and so little by reason, or were so thoughtless in a matter of so great importance. Many, very many, bestow far more pains in the choice of a house, a horse, or even a dress, than in the selection of a wife or husband. The house must be carefully examined, the good points of the horse looked after, and the dress turned over and over; but a companion for life, the sharer of our joys and sorrows, the manager of all our domestic concerns—this is nothing—hit or miss—here goes. I may be not hasty in this business. Look—think, before you commit yourself. A knot of this kind is easily tied, but like the old Gordian knot, it cannot be untied. Death alone can cut it, and I would not have you think him long in coming.

One of the great objects for which marriage was instituted is, as I conceive, the intellectual and moral improvement of the parties. The object is a high, a permanent one. The union ought to be formed with a view to the whole life of man; his intellectual and moral life; his life here and hereafter. How few look upon the matter in this light, and enter upon it with such views! "Something transcendent—Utopian—can't be made to enter into every day's life." Ha! say you so? They are the only views worthy of the union of two immortal beings. They who marry with such views and feelings will be married body and soul both. The highest happiness can rest on no sure foundation but that which is laid in the human soul. Beauty, wealth, equipage, all that is outward, may be swept away in a moment, or, if continued, may not satisfy.

Intellectual and moral qualities are a more sure possession. Time serves but to improve them, and the enjoyment of them never cloys. Marry your wife's soul, friend, marry her soul. Let its qualities attract you. Then, every acquisition which she makes, every day's experience, every book she reads will aid in her onward progress, and render her more capable of ministering to your improvement and happiness. Do you want a wife capable of assisting you to become wiser and better, as well as to patch your clothes, darn your stockings, or cook your dinner? Alas! alas! how many think a woman need to know nothing else. Such might almost as well marry a thread and needle, a knitting machine, or a cooking-stove.

What if you are a mechanic, a farmer, or a day-laborer? May not, ought not mechanics, farmers and day-laborers to grow wiser and better? Have you not a veritable soul, capable of improvement? And do you not want a wife with a soul? Darning stockings and cooking dinners are important affairs, (the latter especially,) and may be peculiarly so to you. I know not, however, why a woman with a soul—a feeling, thinking, cultivated soul—may not do these things. There is no good reason why you should not take the most elevated views of this subject, and go about this business in a sensible, rational manner. Do you say, "One can scarcely find the article you recommend." Somewhat difficult, I allow. But it is to be feared that little demand exists for wives of this sort. Let the demand become general, and the articles (speaking after the manner of men) will soon come to market. Higher ground must be taken, higher views must be inculcated. The true subject, the whole subject of marriage must be understood and felt, and husbands and wives must be educated in view of it, ere they can become all to each other that God designed.

I have urged deliberation upon the unmarried. It is indispensable to a wise choice. Do you remember the old saying, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," pray wait till you get a few years older. You need the ripest judgment possible for this business. The eyes of sixteen do not see things in the same light as do the eyes of twenty-three or four. Seven or eight years at this period of your life will improve your vision wonderfully, especially if you look well about you. Get old enough to understand your wants tolerably well. Study your own nature. What are your predominating tastes? Good sense, of course. What will probably be your occupation in life? What qualities in a wife will be likely to render you the most happy as years roll on? Let the points be well looked to ere you make your choice. Perhaps I can sum up all in one word.

Get a companion,—one who will enter heart and soul into your pursuits, who has the power to do so, the disposition to do so, whom you can trust to do so, who can read with you if you read, study with you if you study, who shall possess a full sympathy with you in most or in all things, who can minister to the higher and more refined wants of your nature, and who will be likely to lift you up to noble endeavors. A doll or a baby cannot do this. A sincere, high-minded, strong-minded, a cultivated, warm-hearted woman, is alone capable of it. You need a mind that will travel with your own. So shall you have a companion. There are wives and husbands who yet are not companions. It would be a sad thing to feel that in the highest and most delightful walks of life, in the regions of taste, of intellectual beauty, you are, though married, alone, all alone; your [illegible] takes care of your dinners and suppers and all that well enough, but in the highest, best pleasures of life—alone. Alas for thee! Look well, then, to this business.

Do not be afraid of a woman possessed of a well cultivated mind. Do not adopt the vulgar error of supposing that such a woman must needs be very unfit for the care of a household, must know very little of domestic affairs; that, indeed, all this must, as a matter of course, be sacrificed, if intellectual cultivation exists to any extent. I do not believe it. It is a foul slander on the sex. You will generally find that those women who possess the best cultivated minds, are the best managers at home. I admit exceptions. They do, however, but prove the rule. And why should you not be so? The best disciplined and most highly polished mind, one might naturally suppose, would apply itself with great advantage to the management of domestic affairs. So I am persuaded it will be found, notwithstanding the sneers and hints about "blue stockings," "literary ladies," "domestic every day duties," and all that.

Some people's ideas of domestic duties seem to be entirely circumscribed by the walls of their kitchens. Such must—surely think that the "chief end of man" is to feed, clothe and sleep well, or that woman was designed to be the servant of man's lower appetites, and not a companion of his whole being. And has she indeed no higher mission than this? Is this the "help" designed by Providence as "meet" for man? Is this your view of the matter? Go live in Turkey, friend. Turn Turk. You shall have soulless women for this world, and a houri for the next, if Islamism be true. I repeat it, be not afraid of mental culture. If you can appreciate it in a wife, by all means seek it in her.

And intellectual sympathy is perhaps deeper than any other, and will bind friends more strongly together than aught beside. It is a sympathy between the highest faculties of our nature, the immortal part. You cannot enjoy the highest happiness of which you are capable with a wife who is not able to meet to some extent the higher wants of your nature; with whose spirits yours cannot in most cases blend. You cannot truly marry outward beauty, or money, or lands, or houses. You have a soul, and cannot join it to those things. You can really marry only a human soul, harmonizing in the tasteful and beautiful with your own.

A few words to the married. Are you just married? Then the recollection of the days of courtship are yet fresh. Keep it up. Do not cease to court because you are married, the very reason of all others why you should continue to do so. Your opportunities for this now are far better than they were before. Be just as careful of each other's feelings, and just as solicitous to retain each other's good opinion as before. "Fix up" as smartly for each other's society as before. Go right on doing all that is gallant and handsome as before. Your lover, madam, was a gentleman. Your mistress, sir, was a lady. Shall not the husband and wife remain the lady and gentleman? Do not forget your bow, sir, nor you your courtesy, madam. Give the best of these to each other. Do you, madam, study your husband's tastes and character. Understand him fully. If you are wise, (this is a secret,) you may manage him altogether, and he, good man, will know nothing about it. If he be given to reading and study, do you read and study with him if possible. If he is fond of having things snug and quiet, do you take a great deal of pains to have things so. Incite him to all that is good and noble. You will find your account in it.

Are you ill married? Are you suffering the consequences of thoughtlessness? Matches of thoughtlessness are by far the most numerous in the world, and you, perhaps, are among the multitude. Well, you need much of the "martyr spirit." You must make the best of it. One good thing you may do: you may prevent others by your advice and influence from doing in this matter as foolishly as you have done. If you have children, save them from the rock on which your hopes have split. Do not marry your son or daughter to a human body with a farm, or so much bank stock joined on to it. You can fuse gold with gold, and you can mingle dirt with dirt; but unless you possess creative power you cannot blend the immaterial with the material. If a young man comes to court your daughter, do not consider it a good match, merely because he may be "well to do" in the world. How many marry for a "home," but by no means find it a "sweet" one. Only think of a fine, sensible, cultivated, intellectual girl, tied to a plodding, utilitarian sort of a fellow, who can no more appreciate her than did the cock, the jewel which he scratched up. Horrible! Make good use of your own experience in this matter, so shall you turn your folly to good account.

Are you well married; really well married? Sit down and sing the old song of "few happy marriages." You can well afford to sing. You are of the few who have got into the narrow way of matrimonial felicity. Providence has smiled (I want to say laughed, broadly laughed,) upon you. You have many a pleasant smile and good honest laugh at home, I'll warrant. How I should like to "drop in" some evening, and spend an hour or two at your comfortable fire-side, just for the sake of seeing a well-married couple; a *rara avis*, truly! I leave you to your enjoyment.

LIFE.—Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies.

But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.—*Richter.*

The Gardener.

PROPAGATING FLOWERS.—Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson writes thus to the Farm Journal:

I have made a discovery in the floral kingdom which is worth disseminating. It was accidental, like all important discoveries. I gave a sick child some hyacinths to amuse himself with, merely the flower stalks carelessly broken off, and the next morning, as they lay withering on my table, I pitied them, as I do all drooping things, and taking them up, thrust with my pen-holder, holes in the earth of a pot in which plants were growing, and fixed the stalks in the damp earth. After a few hours they revived; but a few days subsequent, after the blossoms were withered, I drew them out to throw them away, and was surprised to find that they had formed bulbs at the bottom of the stems. Since then I have repeated the experiment, always with success. They invariably wilt at first, and sometimes do not straighten themselves up until the seventh or eighth day. I have not tried any other flower, but intend this Summer to make the experiment with tulips. Any lady may, in this manner, rear hyacinths from a withered boquet.

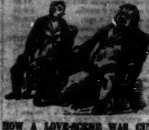
PEACHES.—Peach trees should be carefully watched at this season. Pour a tea-kettle full of hot water about the root, and it will effectually *cook* the borers without injury to the tree.

DAHLIAS.—Those who are anxious to obtain fine blooms upon their dahlias, must not neglect to feed them; a generous coating of spongy meadow moss, or even hay, as prescribed for the gooseberry, will keep the plants in good condition, and increase the number and beauty of the flowers.

TO MAKE YOUNG PEAR TREES BEAR.—I was afflicted by the sight in my garden for four or five years, of the most luxuriant and thrifty young pear trees, which would not bear, but all their strength ran to wood. Vexed at this, I resolved to try the effect of bending down the branches so as to check the flow of sap and cause them to form fruit buds instead of wood buds. Accordingly, the first week of December, 1847, I filled my pockets with stout twine, I drove down some small pegs into the ground underneath my trees, (which had branched low, so as to make dwarfish heads;) I then tied a string to the end of every long shoot, and gradually bringing down the end of the limb till it curved down so as to make a considerable bend or bow, I fastened it in that position either by tying the other end of the string to the peg, or to another branch or a part of the trunk.

According to my expectation, the tree next year changed its habit of growth, and set an abundance of fruit buds. Since that, I have had plentiful crops of fruit without trouble—taking good care not to let many branches go on the upright system.—*Horticulturist.*

Wit and Humor.



HOW A LOVE-SCENE WAS CUT SHORT.

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," says an old philosopher, and that step is a short one, we would add. A young friend of ours—who shall be nameless—a rollicking wag and punster, and gifted with the keenest relish for fun of every description, became suddenly enamored of a delicate, blonde young lady, the daughter of a heavy grocer, residing on Euclid Street. "They met, 'twas at a ball," and at the close of a short waltz, he found himself fairly spitted through the heart—done for.

"Pooh!" said he, when he returned home, "all gammon! I've laughed at such nonsense all my lifetime. This milk-and-water sentiment, Love, belongs to the 'fair,'" and he opened a favorite volume of Tom Hood. It was of no use, though—the graceful form of Amelia "blurred the lettered page." He retired to bed, and it delightfully haunted him in his dreams.

The next morning, on reviewing his condition, he concluded that matrimony would prove the only relief, and with the natural impetuosity of youth determined to declare his passion at once, especially since the fair Amelia was plied with hosts of visitors, drawn thither by her own charms, and the more resistless fascination of the paternal "loaves and shoulders." He decided quickly, and the next evening saw him scrupulously attired *cap-a-pie* at the door of the grocer's dwelling.

One modest pull at the bell, and he was ushered in the presence of his charmer. She was alone, and the soft blush that sprang to her cheeks showed how "the land lay." She was "dressed to kill," in expectation, undoubtedly, of other visitors. By her side stood a tolerably big mastiff—a family pet—an animal not well calculated to leave a good first impression, especially on the mind of our young friend, who had a peculiar aversion to the whole canine race. Smothering his antipathy, however, and knowing well the value of time, he advanced to "the adored," took the proffered chair, and exchanged the ordinary compliments of the evening—there was then an awkward pause. Our young friend knew no other topic but his burning love; he stammered, blushed, squinted at the ceiling, and felt that he was making a fool of himself. Things were coming to a crisis, and with one desperate summoning up of his courage, he flung himself literally at the charmer's feet.

"My dear Amelia," he cried, seizing her passionately by the hand, "how can I tell you of my love, the rapture that I feel in your presence, while I bow——"

"*Bow wow! bow wow!*" roared the huge mastiff, rushing fiercely up and catching the "*lover*" by the leg.

Our young friend sprang to his feet, and mad with rage and confusion, planted a heavy boot in the intruder's ribs, and sent him yelping across the room. Amelia shrieked—the huge dog recovered himself, and bounded forward for a second attack. It is quite needless to say that our young friend left the room instantly. He now hates the women as bad as the "*damnation bow wows!*"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

ORIGIN OF THE BLOOMER COSTUME.—The new costume, which is now the subject of general conversation, cannot claim to be the original invention of the lady whose name it bears. It is not by any means so modern as many people suppose; and if its advocates want to produce something entirely new, they will have to adopt some other method of exhibiting their genius.—This idea of women dressing in male attire is not so novel as it seems to be captivating. We will not say that it is the offspring of that peculiar state of mind existing in society when people, in the words of the immortal Don Quixotte, didn't know the difference between what was theirs and what wasn't—though we must say, that the desire of the Bloomers to appropriate our unmentionables would seem to indicate a similar state of mental confusion.

Great discoveries have generally been the result of accident, and have not been the effect of careful philosophical investigation. It may be that the Bloomer costume, or what now passes under that name, was accidentally invented, if we may say so. We will not pursue our investigations on this subject so far as the era of Semiramis, who, it must be admitted, was a most magnificent Bloomer, nor will we even attribute the new style to the example of Joan of Arc, or Margaret of Denmark, who, encased in complete armor, led their armies to battle and to victory, and rescued the female name from the reproach of unexceptionable weakness. We think we can find a more reasonable solution of the question; in fact, one of our cotemporaries has made the investigation and discovery for us. Our readers, doubtless, recollect the melancholy and affecting history of the little woman, who, in pursuit of her usual avocations, went one morning to market to sell eggs, and how unfortunately she fell asleep on the King's highway. They will also remember how a malicious pedler, known as Jim Stout, did, with malice prepense, abbreviate this little woman's nether garments just at the knee—or, to express it in the pathetic words of the ballad, how

"Along came a pedler, by the name of Jim Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats off above her knees,
She began to shiver, and she began to freeze."

Now this is certainly the first step towards the invention of the new costume; and if the unfortunate little woman, after being made the subject of Jim Stout's malicious joke, had only carried it on herself, she would soon come out a full-rigged Bloomer. History does not relate whether she went so far as to assume the breeches; it only tells us that she went home to see if her little dog would indicate a recognition of her, in her new guise, by the accustomed gentle agitation of his caudal extremity.

QUIZZING AN AMERICAN.—Soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburgh, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing ones." On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, modes of life, education, amusements, etc. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined *not* to be satisfied, and went on: "Have the rich people in your country any carriages?—for I suppose there are *some* who call themselves rich." "My residence," replied the captain, "is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept; but in the larger towns and cities on the main land, there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners." "Indeed!" replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory: "I can't fancy where you find coachmen: I shouldn't think the Americans knew *how* to drive a coach." "We find no difficulty on *that* account, madam," calmly rejoined the captain; "we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them." "To England!" exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; "I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans." "We *did*, madam, in the late war," rejoined the officer; "but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!"—There was no more "quizzing" of the American during the dinner. He waited in vain, like Sam Weller in "Bardell vs. Pickwick," for the next question.—*Knickerbocker.*

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—When John Adams was a young man, he was invited to dine with the Court and Bar at the house of Judge Paine, an eminent Loyalist, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Paine gave as a toast, "*The King.*" Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it. But Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying—"We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment. At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave "*The Devil.*" As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, his wife calmed him, and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, "My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to *our* friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to *his.*"

☞ We heard of a gentleman, says an exchange, who last year planted his onions close to his poppies, and the consequence was, that they grew so sleepy that he never could get them out of their beds.

ONE OF THE CONUNDRUMS.—It would have made good old Elias Hicks himself laugh on "First day," to hear our friend Beard, the distinguished Western artist, mention the delivery of a conundrum which he once heard in this State. A tall, red-haired, "eerie-fashioned" sort of over-grown boy, who was "designed for the ministry," and had just obtained his "parchment" from an Eastern College, was called upon at a parting supper, to "make a speech." He excused himself, by saying—"I don't know any speech that I can say now." He was asked for a song. "No, he never *could* sing; doesn't sing but when he first went to singin' school." However, being hard pressed for "something," he said, looking at and twisting bashfully his long fleshless fingers, "I can tell a conundrum that I made myself last week. It come to me first one night when I was a-bed, and I made it out next day, and wrote it down on a piece of paper. I got it here, now." So saying, he took from his waistcoat pocket a slip of paper, and read—"What village in York State is the same name as the Promised Land?" There was some "guessing," but at last it was "given up," and a "solution requested." "Canandaigua!" at length responded the proposer. But the company were still as much in the dark as ever. "Canandaigua!" exclaimed a dozen in a breath. "Why—how—where is there any resemblance to the 'Promised Land?' Can't see the slightest." "Why, you see," said the conundrum-maker, "this is the way on't; you must divide the word, and instead of *Ca-na-an*, you must say '*Ca-nan*,' and throw the '*daigua*' away! Canaan was the 'Promised Land,' see!" A resistless and united guffaw followed this "forced construction," which the expounder mistook for admiration. "Ain't it a first-rate conundrum?" said he, with a visible chuckle, that only increased the obstreperous cachination. We shouldn't like to look at so bright an intellectual luminary as this, except through a piece of smoked glass.—*Knickerbocker.*

CROSS-EXAMINATION.—"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean by that, that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the light for the man what did."

"Ah! The Court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only threw a little light on it."

"No levity, Mr. Smith. Crier, wipe your nose, and call the next witness."

THE LAST YANKEE STORY.—A lady passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:—"Horses taken into grass—long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered: "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

For the Ladies.

THE ART OF LIVING EASY.

"I can't see, for my life, how you get along so easy, Mrs. Jones," said merry Ellen, to her mother's nearest neighbor; "your family is larger than ours, and you have less help—but you are always in time—come when I will, I find things in good order—no bustle, fuss, or confusion. Now we all work from morning till night, at our house, and our work is never done. There must be witch-work about it—some secret—do tell us, won't you?"

"Why, Ellen, I don't know that there is any great secret about it; all I can tell, is, I don't seem to work very hard, but, somehow, I do get along very easy, as you say, with all that seems to fall to my lot."

"Well, we all know that, Mrs. Jones, and we know, too, that you do more reading and writing than any of the rest of us, and visit the sick more, and find time for everything that is good—oh, there is, and you must tell me all about it."

"Yes, Ellen, I will tell you all I know about it, for you're real smart, and will make a first-rate wife for Fred, some day, but you must first promise to try and make my secret of practical use to yourself, and teach everybody else."

Ellen blushed, and almost wished she had not been so impertinent. But Ellen was a good, sensible girl, and was impressed with the idea that Fred would want a wife somewhat resembling his mother in domestic matters; so she stooped down and tied her shoe, to hide her confusion. Mrs. Jones laid down the cheese-knife, (for it was early in the morning,) took up her babe, which her kind heart and arms had taken home, and picked up a basket of green peas that were to be shelled for dinner, and sat down to nurse her little orphan to sleep, take the peas out of the pod, and tell her story.

"Well, Ellen, my secret is just this:—when I go out to shake the table-cloth, I always bring in a stick of wood; seldom take two steps where one will answer, and try to do everything the shortest way. I pulverize saleratus enough to last a month at one time, keep it in a convenient vessel, and then it is always ready for use—no untying papers and scattering the floor and cupboard, no table, rolling-pin, or mortar to clean but once; instead of beating my eggs with a knife or spoon, I have a whip made of wire, bent in an oblong shape like a tassel, and tied with a bit of twine to a hickory handle, and I can beat the whites of six eggs to a standing foam in two minutes, as easily as you will in half an hour with a knife. Anybody can make an egg whip that can whittle a stick, or find a piece of wire, if they cannot afford to buy one. I only mention these things as samples of time-saving. But if you will not be offended, I will tell you a little story."

"Offended! Not I. It's the silliest thing in the world to get offended, particularly at those who wish to do us good. The doctor often has to administer unpleasant drugs to effect a cure."

"Well, then, Ellen, I was out taking tea with a neighbor last week, and we went into the milk room and cheese room to see the cheese; and as we came back we stopped a few minutes to chat in the kitchen, the lady told the girl she might make some flannel cakes, or griddle cakes, as some call them, for tea. She started off on the bound to her duty. First, she ran down cellar, and brought up the buttermilk jar, holding almost a pailful; then she ran back for the eggs, untied a half pound of saleratus, scattered a spoonful on the floor and another on the table, rolled it and tied it up; next turned her buttermilk out and spattered a new dress all about the waist, splashed it over the table on divers things, said 'oh, pshaw,' picked up the saleratus from the floor, cleaned her dress, and brought a plate and ran to the meal room; and came back with a heaping plate of flour, put it into the pan and stirred away, back and forth, till it was all submerged and all lumps. There was not flour enough; away she ran again, brought more; there was still not enough, and the third journey had to be made, in it was dashed, and she stirred away till her face glowed like a peony; all at once she thought of her eggs, and broke them into the batter. She had forgotten the salt, and ran the fourth time into the meal-room. Now her batter was too thick, and more buttermilk had to be used, and consequently the saleratus paper had to undergo another operation. Finally, after much labor and toil, and an expenditure of much time and waste of material, the lumpy batter was ready for use. But here was a new trouble; the fire that was just right half-an-hour before was exhausted; the griddle which had been set on the stove in the beginning, burned rough, the kitchen and ante-room full of the unpleasant smoke and odor of burnt grease—the cakes stuck fast to the iron—two messes were wasted before the griddle could be rubbed smooth; the dish-cloths were in sad plight, and the young lady had expended as much actual labor as would have prepared the whole meal, set the table and all."

"Oh dear—that was me; any body might know the picture! But how would you have managed?"

"I should have taken my pan and spoon, put my saleratus into the pan, gone down cellar, and with my cup, which I keep in the jar for that purpose, dipped the buttermilk without spattering it, into my pan; then broke the eggs carefully into the milk; gone from there to the meal room and sifted the proper quantity of flour in, and stirred it carefully, thus beating the eggs while I stirred in the flour; dropped in a little salt and returned to the kitchen, all in five minutes, without having one thing out of place, except the egg-shells, and those *I* should have removed some other time. So you see instead of four journeys to the cellar, two to carry back, and four to the meal-room, I should have done the whole work, saved my strength, saved the wear and tear of my shoes, saved the soil of my dress, saved the fire, the annoyance, and a good half-hour for something else, and had a better mess of cakes for supper in the bargain. And this is only one-half hour saved in getting supper, by one head. It took three that night longer to get tea by one-half, than it would have taken me to have got it alone."

"But law me! here's the baby fast asleep—the peas are all shelled, and my story must be wound up, for its time to 'whey off the curd.' If this bit of experience does you any good, I will tell you another story some day."—*Ohio Cultivator.*

LECTURES ON INDIA.

BY

CALEB WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

THE AUTHOR HAS TRAVELLED MORE THAN 60,000 MILES FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF COLLECTING INFORMATION RESPECTING THE VARIOUS RACES OF PEOPLE WHOSE PECULIAR MANNERS, HABITS, AND SUPERSTITIONS, HE DESCRIBES.

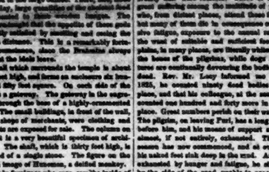
NUMBER VIII.

Here is the celebrated temple of Juggernaut, situated at Puri, on the Western shore of the Bay of Bengal. There are many temples of Juggernaut, in various parts of the country, but this is the largest, and is deemed the most holy. The principal edifice rises to the elevation of two hundred feet. In the two adjacent buildings, morning and evening, the dancing girls display their professional skill, for the amusement of the idols enthroned in the large edifice. There, also, three times a day, large quantities of the choicest food are presented to these wooden images. The people are taught that the appetite of these gods is perfectly satisfied by smelling and seeing the food at a distance. This is a remarkably fortunate circumstance, since the Brahmins always take what the idols leave.

The wall which surrounds the temple is about twenty feet high, and forms an enclosure six hundred and fifty feet square. On each side of the square is a gateway. The gateway in the engraving is through the base of a highly-ornamented tower. The small buildings, in front of the wall, are the shops of merchants, were clothing and ornaments are exposed for sale. The column on the right is a very beautiful specimen of architecture. The shaft, which is thirty feet high, is composed of a single stone. The figure on the top is an image of Hunoman, a deified monkey.

The only foreigner who ever saw the inside of this temple was an English officer, who, about thirty years since, succeeded in gaining admission, by painting and dressing himself like a native. When the Brahmins discovered that their holy place had been thus defiled, they became so enraged that all the English residing at the station were obliged to flee for their lives. Suspecting their pursuers to be more desirous of gratifying their avarice than their revenge, they strewed silver money by the way, and, while the natives stopped to pick it up, they gained time, and succeeded in reaching a place of safety.

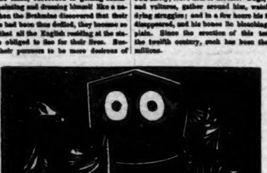
Twelve festivals are annually celebrated here in honor of Juggernaut. The most important of these are the bathing and the car festivals.—These I witnessed, and there were present more than one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims. Nearly half were females. There is not only great suffering among the multitude of pilgrims who, from distant places, attend these festivals, but many of them die in consequence of excessive fatigue, exposure to the annual rains, and the want of suitable and sufficient food. The plains, in many places, are literally whitened with the bones of the pilgrims, while dogs and vultures are continually devouring the bodies of the dead. Rev. Mr. Lacy informed me that, in 1825, he counted ninety dead bodies in one place, and that his colleague, at the same time, counted one hundred and forty more in another place. Great numbers perish on their way home. The pilgrim, on leaving Puri, has a long journey before him, and his means of support are often almost, if not entirely, exhausted. The rainy season has now commenced, and at every step his naked feet sink deep in the mud. At length, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he sits down by the side of the road, unable to proceed any farther. His companions, regarding only their own safety, leave him to his fate. Dogs, jackals, and vultures, gather around him, watching his dying struggles; and in a few hours his flesh has disappeared, and his bones lie bleaching on the plain. Since the erection of this temple, in the twelfth century, such has been the fate of millions.



Here is a portrait of Juggernaut. I have taken his portrait as I saw him in the morning, while the Brahmins were making his toilet. He appeared to be well supplied with fine Cashmere shawls and valuable jewels, and the Brahmins were so arranging them as to display the beauties of his person to the best advantage. In the evening he is entirely disrobed, and his shawls and jewels, and also his hands and feet, which are made of gold, are carefully locked up in a strong box. This precaution is not through fear that the idol will convey himself away in the night, but to secure these treasures from thieves. Nor is the strong box always a sufficient security, for on one occasion, upon opening it in the morning, jewels to the value of some thousands of dollars had disappeared.

To some, perhaps, it may seem impossible for the human mind to become so debased as to worship an object having no higher claims to homage than this; but, strange as it may seem, this monstrous form has received, and still receives, the adoration of a large portion of the human race.

At one of the annual festivals, Juggernaut and two other images, said to be his brother and sister, are drawn out upon huge cars.



This is the car of Juggernaut. The platform on which the image is placed is thirty-four feet square, and is supported by sixteen wheels, six and a half feet in diameter. The upper part is covered with English broadcloths in alternate stripes of red and yellow. Near the idol is the strong box in which his hands, feet, jewels, and clothing are deposited at night. Six ropes, or cables, are attached to the car, six inches in diameter and three hundred feet in length, by means of which the people draw it from place to place. A devotee has cast himself under the wheels to be crushed to death. As a reward for this act of devotion, he expects to enjoy health, riches, and honors in the next life.

The car festival, which I witnessed at Puri, commenced on the Sabbath. I went to the temple, about two o'clock in the afternoon, just as the pilgrims, who had encamped in great numbers in the vicinity, were beginning to assemble. From an elevated position, on an elephant, I saw them pouring in from every direction, until four o'clock, when the concourse became immense. Every street and avenue leading to the temple was thronged, and the flat roofs of the houses were also densely crowded with anxious spectators. About five o'clock, a company of men proceeded from the temple, making a horrid din with drums, gongs, and trumpets. Next came the idols, shaded by umbrellas of state, and attended by various emblems of royalty. The vast multitude greeted them with loud and long-continued shouts. Juggernaut, and his brother and sister, were now to mount their cars; but from the infirmities of age, or some more obvious cause, they submitted to the awkward expedient of being dragged through the mud to their elevated seats, by the aid of ropes and Brahmins. A variety of ceremonies followed, but, as it was growing late, I returned to my lodgings.

At sunrise the next morning, the gates of the town were thrown open to admit the beggars.—As they passed, I was informed by the English magistrate, by whose order they were admitted, that their number probably exceeded fifty thousand. They were the most weary, ragged, filthy, wretched-looking objects I ever saw. They had been prevented from entering the town at an earlier period, because of their inability to pay the tax which the *Honorable* East India Company demanded of their heathen subjects for the privilege of seeing their idols. The Company, I ascertained, had, in the preceding thirty-four days, received fifty-five thousand dollars as admission fees. Having already extorted so large a sum from the richer pilgrims, they could well afford, now that a part of the festival was over, to admit gratuitously those from whom no money could be extorted. It affords me much pleasure to say that this unrighteous source of gain has recently been abolished. The multitude of beggar pilgrims hastened onward to the cars, and appeared to be lost in the much larger multitude there assembled.

Hearing the tumultuous sound of many voices at a distance, I looked towards the place from which it came, when I saw about a thousand men advancing, with green branches elevated in their hands. They rushed forward, leaping through the crowd, and, with mighty shoutings, seized the ropes of one of the cars, and dragged it forth in triumph. Soon other companies, in a similar manner, dashed forward and put the two remaining cars in motion.

The pilgrims are taught to believe that the cars are not moved and guided by the strength of the men who pull at the ropes, but by the will and pleasure of the idols. This being admitted, it must be that Juggernaut made a grand mistake, for he ran his car against a house, and was not able to extricate himself until the afternoon of the next day. But perhaps he was merely in a surly mood, for they believe that the cars move only when the idols are pleased with the worship. So, if for any reason a car stops, they suppose that the idol thus expresses his disapprobation. One of the priests then steps forward to the front of the platform, as here represented, rehearses the deeds and extols the character of the idol, in a manner the most obscene. No person, educated in a Christian country, can possibly conceive expressions so debasing and abominable as are used on such occasions. Should the speaker quote from the Shasters, or invent an expression more than usually lascivious, the multitude give a shout, or rather a sensual yell. The men again pull, with renewed energy, at the ropes, the idol is supposed to be delighted, and the car is permitted to move on. When dragged a short distance farther, it is stopped again by a priest, who slyly clogs one of the wheels. Then another scene of pollution is acted out with all its debasing influence upon the mind and morals of the people. In this manner, eight days are spent in drawing the car about two miles.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes.—These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage, or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and real refinement of delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the letter-press. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

HEAVEN A STRANGE SORT OF PLACE.—A painfully amusing story is told of the proud Duchess of Buckingham, who finding her end approaching, and feeling some uneasy apprehensions, resolved to send for a clergyman, of whom she had heard a very good character. The first question she asked was, whether in heaven, (for she made no doubt of going thither,) some respect would not be had to a woman of such birth and breeding? The good man, for such he really was, endeavored to show her the weakness of this notion, and to convince her that there was where she was going, no distinctions of persons, and much more to the same purpose. This the poor lady heard with much attention, and then said with a sigh, "Well, if it be so, this heaven must be, after all, a strange sort of a place!"

☞ An Irish journal says: "The following bill was presented by a farrier to a gentleman in this town: 'To curing your pony that died, £1 1s.'"

THE ROSARY.

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

They met together in the wood,
The maiden and the boy,
And through the shade the sunlight fell,
Like sorrow crossed with joy;
So in their hearts Love's virgin ore
Was mixed with Grief's alloy.

"And take," she said, "this cross and chain,
And wear it on thy breast;
I've counted off each bead and link
To lull me to my rest;
And many a time this little cross
Hath to my lips been pressed.

"Thou goest from me—I no more
Shall watch about thy way;
I shall not see thy form at eve,
Or hear thy voice by day;
All that my weakness leaves to me
Is, for thy sake to pray.

"If Evil lure thee from the Right,
If Conscience plead in vain,
Ah! like an iron link to Truth,
Heaven make this fragile chain!
And may its cross burn in thy heart,
Till thou art strong again.

"If fairer, colder eyes than mine
Seem worlds of love to thee,
If other lips and other tones
Crowd on thy memory,
Still be this chain about thy soul,
To draw thee back to me."

And so they parted; she to wear,
Above, an angel's crown,
And he, to feel on land or sea,
In forest or in town,
A cross and chain upon his heart,
From the far Heaven let down.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE TRAITOR BOY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The writer has been indebted to his friends for many of the incidents which he has given to the public; and among those which have been kindly furnished him, is the following. It cannot fail to interest the reader on more accounts than one. To see a *boy*, just able to wield the rifle, engaged in the defence of his country during the American Revolution, was no uncommon occurrence. But it was a most extraordinary circumstance to find one, not yet arrived at the age of maturity, fighting on the side of liberty, when his parents and all his relations were zealous and active partisans on the opposite side.

It may with truth be said that hundreds and thousands took sides, during the American Revolution, from accident or interest; while it is not denied that the great mass of the people were actuated by principle in their resistance to tyranny and oppression. But it would seem that Jordan Montjoy espoused the cause of his country in the same manner that Sir John Falstaff is alleged to have known Prince Hal, in his encounter with the robbers. It was not reason or reflection which taught him that right and justice were on the side he took, for he was too young to reason or have reflection on the matter. Nor was he governed in his choice by interest, for this would have prompted him to have taken the side of his father and relations. He must, then, have known by instinct that *liberty* was the true and lawful inheritance of his countrymen, and that duty required him to forsake father and mother, and cleave unto it with ardent and insatiable feelings of love.

The parents of Jordan Montjoy were Tories of the deepest dye, and the house was a place of common rendezvous for the "bloody scout" when in Spartanburgh District. All the meetings of the Tories in that part of the country were held there, and their schemes and plans of murder and devastation were there formed and concocted. No Whigs ever visited the house through social intercourse, or deemed it prudent to do so, under any circumstances, unless with a strong escort. Jordan associated with none but the friends of his father, and seldom saw any of those who were opposed to him; yet he felt a secret partiality for those whom he knew not, and whose principles he never heard mentioned, except with execration! He was thought by his friends to be too young to be of service to them, and was therefore suffered to remain at home in peace and quietude. Their schemes and plans, however, were not concealed from him, and he had free access to all of their deliberations and meetings.

It was during one of these meetings of the "bloody scout," that he became cognizant of a deep-laid scheme to surprise and capture a company of "liberty men," under the command of Captain Thomas Farrow, of Laurens District. No sooner had he heard of all their arrangements, than he mounted a fleet horse, and put off post haste, to inform the Whigs of their danger and contemplated destruction. Captain Farrow immediately determined to take advantage of the timely warning, and surprise the Tories by an attack that night. This he did successfully, and thereby turned the scale against the "bloody scout," to the terror and confusion of their friends in the neighborhood. This traitorous act of young Montjoy became known to the Tories, and they threatened his death on sight. In consequence of their threats, and the high displeasure of his parents and relations, he had to leave home forever, and take up his abode in the American camp. He became, in a short time, one of the most active, enterprising and daring partisans of whom the Whigs could boast. He was always sent to reconnoitre and spy out the movements of the Tories. In one of these adventures, near his father's house, he met a company of the Tories, under a noted leader, by the name of Gray. With the speed of an arrow he dashed by Gray, fired his pistol in his face, and made his escape in safety.

For some time during the latter part of the Revolution, young Montjoy belonged to an American garrison on the frontier of Georgia. On one occasion, while there, he volunteered to go with a small detachment in pursuit of some Indians, who had been stealing horses in the neighborhood. The detachment was under the command of a Lieutenant, who did not exercise that precaution which is absolutely necessary in a pursuit of Indians. The detachment was surprised, and all killed except Montjoy and one other. Montjoy did not leave the ground until he had fired his rifle and two pistols, and seen all his comrades, save one, fall side by side.—He escaped unhurt, although several balls had passed through his coat and pantaloons.

On another occasion, while in the same garrison, the Indians became so troublesome that it was dangerous to venture out at all. It was at the hazard of one's life to go to the creek or branch within sight of the fort. There was an old lady in the garrison who had a horse about this time, which she could get no one to ride to water for her. After making application to several, she asked Montjoy if he would be so obliging as to risk his life in riding her horse to water. Without any sort of hesitation, Jordan complied with the old lady's request, took his pistols, mounted his horse and rode to the creek. While the horse was drinking, he discovered an Indian slipping from the bushes nearest the fort, and before he could wheel, the savage had his bridle reins in his grasp. With the quickness of thought, Jordan drew his pistol, and lodged the contents of it into the bosom of his assailant. Such boldness and presence of mind, such perfect command of himself, under a circumstance so well calculated to try the nerve of a lad, acquired for him, very deservedly, a high character among his associates in arms.

Many other incidents, similar to the above, might be related, it is said, of this youthful hero of the Revolution.

The Olio.

GENIUS.—To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what *men* but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses, without notice, his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.

PERSEVERANCE.—The Chinese have the best illustration of the principle we have ever seen. One of their countrymen who had been making strenuous efforts to acquire literary information, discouraged by difficulties, at last gave up his book in despair. As he returned to manual employment he saw a woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone; on inquiring the reason, she replied she was in want of a needle, and thought she would rub down the crowbar till she got it small enough. The patience of the aged female provoked him to make another trial, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of one of the first three in the empire.

NICOTINE.—A large space has been assigned in the French journals to the details of the trial, at Mons, in Belgium, of a Count Bocarmé and his wife, for an atrocious fratricide by the agency of Nicotine. This most deadly poison is the essential principle of tobacco. Orfila, says the Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, the celebrated toxicologist, has just lectured upon it; and the trial has given birth, also, to several medical dissertations on the same subject. Virginia tobacco yields the largest proportion of nicotine; from twenty pounds were extracted four hundred *grammes* of the poison; a gramme is equal to 15.444 grains Troy. The Maryland leaf affords about a third of that quantity. Nicotine is nearly as powerful and rapid as prussic acid with the animal economy. Five or six drops applied to the tongue of a dog killed it in ten minutes. The convulsive motion was slight.

SWEET AND SOUR.—As an instance of what an extreme change is made by a simple and slight alteration of the proportions of the same ingredients, we may notice that the antagonism between sweet and sour, as observed in sugar and vinegar, is owing only to a little more or a little less of carbon and water. Thus, if in one hundred parts about forty-two be carbon and the rest be water, we shall have sugar; but if forty-seven parts be carbon, and the rest be water, we shall have vinegar.

Agricultural.

WHAT IS THE MOST VALUABLE CROP?

In regard to what is the most profitable crop, I would say much depends on the season, and the character of the soil which you wish to cultivate. On dry, sandy loams, potatoes or wheat would not be likely to yield a very great profit; but such land under proper management would produce large crops of Indian corn, rye, buckwheat, or clover. In a hot, dry season, our grass and grain crops would suffer from drought, while we might obtain an excellent crop of corn; but in a cold, wet season, this would be reversed.—Considering these circumstances, I believe it is best to raise a variety of crops, selecting such soils as would be most congenial to the nature of the crops. I believe that in whatever circumstances a farmer may be placed, the grass crop is the most important, if not the most profitable; for we depend on this to keep our stock through our long and cold winters; every increase of this adds to the manure heap, and consequently to the productiveness of the farm.

But my main object is to state the few facts I have learned in relation to this subject. For the last two years I have kept a journal of the operations on the farm, in order to ascertain the real and comparative value of each crop. From this I learned that some crops, which before I considered the most profitable, yielded less nett profit than some others. Below is a tabular account of the cost and value of the crops, which we raised in the years 1849–50; and also the number of loads of manure applied, containing thirty bush. each. In the cost is included the value of the seed, and labor at the price paid, (50 cts. to $1,00 per day,) also the use of tools; board is not included.

1849.

Crops.	*Cost.*	*Value.*	*Manure per acre*
Hay,	$2,18 a ton.	$6,00 a ton.	
Wheat,	1,05 a bu.	1,25 a bu.	20 lds yr before
Winter Rye,	73 "	90 "	10 " " "
Corn,	40 "	55 "	20 loads.
Potatoes,	23 "	30 "	15 "
Apples, grafted,	4½	50 "	

1850.

Crops.	*Cost.*	*Value.*	*Manure per acre*
Hay,	$2,00 a ton.	$9,00 a ton.	
Wheat,	93 a bu.	1,25 a bu.	20 lds yr before
Winter Rye,	90 "	90 "	20 " " "
Corn,	40 "	63 "	27 loads.
"	36 "	63 "	35 "
Potatoes,	25 "	40 "	13 "
Apples, grafted,	4½	50	

It appears from the above that the apple gives the most nett profit. In the table the cost of gathering the apples, which was done by hand, is all that is included. If pruning and other labor had been reckoned, it might have doubled the cost. Except the apples, the hay stands highest in point of profit. Indian corn stands next. It will be seen by the table for 1850, that there were two pieces of corn, one of 40, and the other 75 cts. per bushel. The first was planted on old ground, the other on greensward,—the latter was also injured by being planted too thick.

It will be recollected that we had a severe drought in 1849, which injured the grass and grain very much, while the corn and potatoes suffered less. In 1850, potatoes suffered badly from the rot.

These are, however, the result of only two years' observation on one small farm. Other seasons and places might give different results. I should be happy to hear from others on this subject, and I would advise all to keep a journal, note down their experience and observations, and publish them.—*Maine Farmer.*

FARM FENCES.—The subject of farm fences is one which every farmer should be interested in. Every farmer knows well that a good fence is what he likes to see around his fields, and those of his neighbors. There are but few of us that have not suffered in years past by poor fences and breachy cattle—*of course.* As to the kind of fence to be built, all depends upon circumstances and location. Any kind of fence looks well, when well built and in good repair. Probably the most substantial and lasting of all farm fences, are built of stone. On most farms in New England, more or less stone fence can be made.

But the manner in which these fences are often built, is another consideration. We often see single walls laid up with only one tier of stone, and where they have been built for years they often have a zigzag or worm fence appearance, and how they stand at all, is a question. Often, where such fences are made, not one half of the stone are taken from the field, which is bad economy, to say nothing of the fence. Farmers should remember that when a field is cleared thoroughly of surplus stones, and the stones laid up into good substantial walls, they have gained two important points. First, they have cleared the land for good cultivation, and second, they have a good fence, which, if well laid up, will last a lifetime. Walls four and five feet wide at the bottom, and as many feet high, with cap stones on top, projecting over three or four inches on each side, will turn sheep pretty effectually.

In many parts of Connecticut, old rail fences may be seen three or four feet high, while the stones are so thick that you may travel on them from one field to another. I consider it the most miserable and shiftless economy in the way of fences and cultivation that the Connecticut farmer has yet accomplished. The most durable rail-fence, to my mind, is the old "Virginia worm fence." When this fence is well laid up, six or seven rails high, with long poles or riders staked on top, hardly any wind will level it to the ground. You cannot work up to this fence quite so close, as to a straight fence. But for pasturing or mowing, it takes up but little or no more ground than the post fence. The posts of the straight fence which I built ten and eleven years ago, are now rotting off, and the fence is falling down. Some farmers say that fence posts will last double the time by setting the posts top-end down, but having never tried it, or never seen it tried, I cannot say as to the fact.

Post and board fence is built by many farmers, and it makes a much neater fence than rails, and is often quite as cheap, and much lighter in construction. Wire fences is now talked of, and some fence of this kind has been built, and if it be lasting, and the weather does not affect the wire, I think it will come into general use, especially on the Western prairies, where timber is scarce. I have been told that a cheap composition of coal-tar laid over the wires, will prevent rust or any action of weather on the wire. Where posts can be made of stone or iron, and the expense will admit of it, this fence must be lasting. A prairie farm fenced with wire, would make a grand appearance, as at a short distance nothing would be visible but the posts. But some time must elapse before this fence can be thoroughly tried as to durability.—*Albany Cultivator.*

NEW VARIETY OF SWEET POTATOES.—A gentleman residing in South Alabama writes to a friend in Louisville, concerning a variety of the sweet potato, supposed to be from Peru. He says:—It is altogether different, and much superior to any variety of this root hitherto known. It is productive, and attains a prodigious size, even upon the poorest sandy land, and the roots remain without change from the time of taking them out of the ground until the following May. The plant is singularly easy of cultivation, growing equally well from the slip or vine, the top or vine of the full grown plant being remarkably small; the inside is as white as snow. It is dry and mealy, and the saccharine principle contained resembling in delicacy the flower of fine virgin honey.

PULLING OUT STUMPS.—You know many men when they do any thing which they think is important, like to let it be known; therefore I will tell you of a large stump operation I have lately gone through with. I hired Mr. James Heiro, from Yates county, with his stump machine, three hands and one yoke of oxen, at six dollars and eighty-eight cents per day, and have had about 500 oak and black walnut stumps pulled. They were mostly very large—some of them brought up the earth from 15 to 17 feet square, on the surface, and from five to six feet deep in the centre, and three to four feet deep at the outsides. They were drawn by a screw. The screw went up through a frame, and the nut on the top was in a horizontal wheel of wood, which was turned by horses or oxen, drawing up a slack rope of One Hundred feet; then taking the screw, which was attached to the stump by a large chain and clevis to the screw, and that raised all we tried but two. It certainly has the greatest power of any thing I ever saw; if the chain is strong enough, two yoke of oxen, or two pair of strong and true horses, I think will raise any stump. My stumps had been cut from 10 to 14 years, yet some of them came very hard and brought an immense quantity of earth. Where the small roots were decayed, even if the tap root grew up five to six feet and over, from below the surface, they brought up little earth, and the work was done in a short time, but those which brought much earth, took a great deal of labor to get the clay cleaned off them, while the stump was suspended, to get the earth back into the hole. Besides, no number of teams could have turned them over, if let down with such a mass of earth. After they were cleaned, I find it takes six strong horses to draw some of the largest on a stone-boat. Now for the cost, as many of your readers may want to know. I paid Mr. Heiro $114 50; my own team and one man, were worth about $25—making $139 50, besides board and keep of Mr. Heiro's team. But the cost would have been much more, had we got out some 200 or more by the oxen and horses without the aid of the machine.—*Albany Cultivator.*

TO HAVE GREEN BEANS, PEAS AND CORN IN WINTER.—A gentleman says, that he saw in January, green peas as succulent, to all appearance, as they were when plucked from the vine some five or six months before. The mode of preparing them, is to pick, when of the proper size for eating, shell and carefully dry on cloths in the shade. All the care necessary, is to prevent them from molding; this done, they will be fine and sweet the following Spring. Beans may be preserved in the same way, and with perfect success.

Green corn may be preserved in the following manner: Pluck the ears of green corn when fit for boiling, strip off the husks, and throw the ears into a kettle of boiling water; leave them in until the water boils over them, when they must be taken out; shell off the corn by running the prong of a fork along the base of the grain, holding the ear with one end against the breast; this is more expeditious, and saves all the grain, including the heart or germ, which is the sweetest part.

After being thus prepared, it must be spread out thin, on cloths, in a shady, airy place, to dry; it should be stirred every day until dried thoroughly. When cooked it should be put in cold water, and boiled an hour or more, the water to be pretty well boiled off. When the water is nearly off, a little milk added to it will improve the taste.

Beans, peas and green corn will retain their original flavor more perfectly by being preserved in hermetically sealed cans.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 12, 9, 16, is to form the voice to melody.
My 2, 18, 16, 17, 12, 7, is what we all covet.
My 3, 16, 10, 17, 8, is a carnivorous bird.
My 4, 13, 6, 11, is an article of cupboard furniture.
My 5, 14, 4, 9, 16, 8, is an inhabitant of the forest.
My 6, 9, 18, 7, is an involuntary emotion.
My 7, 15, 9, 6, is a useful member of the body.
My 8, 15, 6, 6, is what most persons are fond of hearing.
My 9, 14, 8, is a house of entertainment.
My 10, 5, 16, 8, 12, is a man of huge proportions.
My 11, 16, 12, is a covering for the head.
My 12, 9, 4, 19, is the ebb and flow of the sea.
My 13, 1, 17, 16, 9, 4, is a portion of land surrounded by water.
My 14, 16, 6, 17, is an indispensable article.
My 15, 6, 16, 10, is a common insect.
My 16, 1, 6, is a stupid animal.
My 17, 5, 14, 9, 3, 19, is a small singing bird.
My 18, 14, 4, is the final design of the above.
My whole is a title given to a highly gifted lady.
Oakland, Dubuque Co., Iowa. J. M. W.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 6, 14, 4, 9, 7, 2, is much dreaded.
My 2, 9, 11, is a plant that grows in China.
My 3, 11, 1, 12, is a point of the compass.
My 4, 9, 11, 14, is a well-known fruit.
My 5, 9, 11, 14, 2, is what we all have.
My 6, 2, 5, 3, 14, is a chemical preparation.
My 7, 13, 9, is a kind of fruit.
My 8, 3, 10, 11, 7, 2, 9, 14, is a vessel for liquors.
My 9, 11, 14, 2, 5, is one of the planets.
My 10, 11, 3, is a domestic animal.
My 11, 1, is a conjunction.
My 12, 13, 7, is a measure.
My 13, 4, is an adverb.
My 14, 13, 9, is an herb.
My whole was a distinguished United States Naval officer. R. N. C.
Pleasant Hill, Mo.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I abound in the path of the wealthy and great,
And ever on power obsequiously wait,
You see me in various forms in the street,
And always when friends and acquaintances meet.
I always accompany vessels to sea,
Yet feel quite at home on a shrub or a tree.
I am quizzed and admired by girls at a ball,
And also next morning when gentlemen call.
I'm proud and I'm humble, I'm modest, I'm vain,
I'm courtly, I'm clownish, I'm showy, I'm plain;
You'll see me to-day on your ramble or ride,
Above you, around you, and right by your side.
And if, in these verses my name you detect,
I am yours, gentle reader, with perfect respect.

Cambridge, Md.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a quadrilateral piece of land, the longest diagonal is 50 perches, the shortest side is 25 perches, and the remaining sides and diagonal, are all respectively equal to one another. Required the length of the unknown sides, and also the area of the field. E. B. WEAVER.

Earl Township, Lancaster Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ At what age do most females leave home? Ans.—At marri-age.

☞ Why is a fractious cow like a certain town in New York? Ans.—Because she'll Kinder-hook.

☞ Why is a chicken first hatched like the fore-mast of a vessel? Ans.—It is forward of the main-hatch.

☞ What key is the hardest to turn? Ans.—A Donkey.

☞ Why is a just and particular man like a crow?—Ans.—He does nothing without caws (cause.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

CHARADE.—MILKMAID.

PROBLEM.

Distance asunder, 60 rods. Length of rope, 31.5 rods. Quantity of land in the meadow, 80 acres, 1 rod, 31.20 perches. Amount paid by B., $110 60¾ cts.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hole made by a whiskey punch.
A stone thrown by a gin sling.
The nose from the face of Nature. C. M. F.

E. Montpelier, Vt.

For Housekeepers.

TO KEEP PRESERVES.—To keep preserves, apply the white of an egg with a suitable brush to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover over the jars, overlapping the edges an inch or two. No tying is required. The whole will become, when dry, as tight as a drum.

BREAD OMELET.—Put into a stew-pan a teacup of bread crumbs, a teacup of cream, a spoonful of butter, with salt and pepper and nutmeg; when the bread has absorbed the cream, break in the eggs, beat them a little with the mixture, and fry like plain omelet.—*Ger. Tel.*

HOW SHOULD CREAM BE KEPT?—This question is often asked and is answered in different ways. We say that cream is sweeter when kept out of a damp cellar or well than when kept in it. Cream is kept best in a cool back room above ground, or chiefly so. It ought to be stirred daily while it is kept, otherwise mouldy particles gather on the surface of the pots.

Milk also, set for cream, yields more cream when it is placed above ground than when placed in cellars, and it rises sooner also. Any one may prove this by a trial of both modes. Much is said about keeping cream sweet, but cream perfectly sweet is not easily churned. It should undergo a change in order to make good butter. The act of churning produces a chemical change in the cream, and though the cream may have a sour taste, the butter is not necessarily sour. The nature of it is changed on churning.

A room above ground, on the North side of a large building, well shaded with trees, is a better place for setting, than any damp cellar that we have seen. In such a room the cream will all rise in thirty-six hours that is really valuable.—*Mass. Plough.*